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FRANCE.

THE repeal of the law of exile against the ORLEANS Princes, and the confirmation of their elections to the Assembly, have been voted by overwhelming and enthusiastic majorities. But M. THIERS has felt himself strong enough to impose conditions on the Princes, and to bind them not to take their seats, and to abstain from anything that might justify the apprehensions which their presence in France naturally excites. It is a much more remarkable fact that M. THIERS should have been able to bind the Princes to this agreement than that the Assembly should have taken the first step towards the institution of the BOURBON Monarchy on which it has set its heart. M. THIERS has in many ways shown much greater strength and firmness than he was expected to show. He has got rid of M. PICARD, but, in spite of the vehement opposition of the Assembly and the reluctance of the Directors of the Bank, he has persisted in nominating M. PICARD Governor of the Bank of France. He has retained M. JULES FAVRE and M. JULES SIMON in the Ministry, and he has appointed M. LÉON SAY to the Prefecture of the Seine, in avowed preference to another aspirant to the office who was rejected because he was too closely connected with the organization of a great religious society. Something like decency has been restored to the military trials and punishments going on at Versailles, and although M. THIERS cannot criticize the conduct of the officers who were engaged in crushing the insurrection, he has made it clear that he does not countenance the cruel and wanton massacres said to have been ordered with such brutal levity by the notorious Marquis de GALLIFET. Further, he has once more announced his determination to stand or fall by the cause of the Republic; and Marshal MACMAHON resolutely refuses to use his power as the head of the army to thwart the plans of M. THIERS. Whether he will allow the vote for his continuance in office for two years to be proposed, or whether, even if he wished for such an arrangement, he could obtain it, appears to be very uncertain. The arguments which Mr. JOHN LEMOINNE has urged against the expediency of the plan have very great force. It is precisely because he exercises a power that is purely provisional that M. THIERS is able to maintain the balance between parties, to feed all with hopes, and to allow none to preponderate. If he were installed as Chief of the State for a definite period, he would have a position of his own irreconcilable with the pretensions of rivals; and it would be necessary to overthrow an existing and legally constituted authority in order that a Monarchy should be established. The Monarchs probably would not shrink from this for a moment; but it would introduce very serious dangers and dissensions into French politics if M. THIERS had to be distinctly crushed and his Government overthrown in order that a change such as the Monarchs desire might be possible. At present, he rules by virtue of his personal authority, and because he is allowed to be the right man for the moment. He has shown that he understands the advantages of his position, and knows how to use the power it gives him; and very probably, if he changed the nature of his tenure of office, he might find that he had done nothing except converting into open enemies those whom he can now direct and control in a quiet and unostentatious manner.

France will, it is said, come speedily before Europe as a borrower on a very large scale. Some enthusiastic Frenchmen, who think that everything France wishes can be easily done, are even said to be urging on the Government to issue a loan at once of no less than two hundred and forty millions sterling, so that the Germans may be bought out of France without delay, and that the French Government may have a considerable surplus for its own very

pressing wants. There can be no doubt that for every purpose, political, social, and commercial, the wisest plan would be for France, if it could get the money, to pay off the whole war indemnity, and clear the soil of the invader. There can be no settled government, no revival of activity, no heart or life in business or enterprise, throughout the departments held by the invader; and the very fact that it was free, and had got rid of the incubus of a hostile occupation, would give France a new hope and a new energy such as nothing else could give. But two hundred and forty millions sterling is an enormous loan for any country to make at one time; and while seeing all the advantages of success in raising it, were success possible, M. THIERS will probably only at first ask for such a sum as will clear away the Germans from Paris and its neighbourhood, and provide him with the cash indispensable for the domestic purposes of France. Accordingly it has been surmised that a hundred millions sterling will be the amount asked for—that is, we presume, sixty millions for that portion of the indemnity which has to be paid this year, and forty millions for France itself; and when the enormous cost at which the Paris insurrection has been suppressed is taken into consideration, and added to the liabilities created by the war policy of GAMBETTA, forty millions sterling seems by no means a large sum for France to require immediately for its own purposes. If a French loan for a hundred millions sterling were offered for subscription in the course of the present summer, the opinion formed of the prospects of France by investors would be tested on a scale sufficiently large. There can, we imagine, be no doubt that if France were contented, had a strong Government, and would cease from wars of aggression, it could easily pay the interest on the whole sum needed, which would probably amount to about fifteen millions a year. But, then, is there any good prospect of peace at home and abroad for France? Every one can answer this question as he pleases, but there certainly seems much in the immediate future of France to frighten investors. The fear of entire repudiation may be discarded at once; but an investor has to face two dangers—the danger that France may get into such further financial embarrassments that it will be driven into the partial repudiation of taxing its coupons, and the danger lest there should be a great fall in the nominal value of the new loan, so that the investor will not be able to withdraw the principal he has embarked. If only a hundred millions sterling are offered now, there will hereafter be a loan or loans for a hundred and forty millions more; and if the condition of France gets worse instead of better, these loans will have to be issued at a greater sacrifice, and the price of the present loan will necessarily fall to the level of the new loans. A prudent man will therefore now have to look ahead, and judge, not only of what France is, but of what it will be, in eighteen months' time. The real question is, whether France, during the whole time that it will have to be a borrower, and for a reasonable time afterwards, will be an orderly and peaceful nation.

To attempt to answer this question, it would be necessary to discuss very different groups of possible events. There may be a continuance of a moderate Republic, or there may be a restored Empire, or, lastly, there may be a Legitimist Monarchy. The last is now generally considered the most likely, and for the present we may limit ourselves to considering what would be the prospect of France being orderly and peaceful under the Count of CHAMBORD. If this is to be the destiny of France, it certainly does not seem a very bright or attractive one, or one likely to inspire confidence in foreigners asked to part with their money. For the purposes of the money market it is much the worst of the three solutions offered to the great French puzzle. The

reign of HENRY V. means the triumph of a set of persons and a set of principles, acceptable perhaps to the numerical majority of the population, but detested by all the active minds and energetic men of France. It means the subjection of the whole rural population, and, as far as possible, of the whole of the rising generation, to a system of ignorance and prejudice avowedly maintained in the interests of religion. It is said that if once the clerical party gets hold of the supreme power, it will at least be in a position to give France order and internal tranquillity. It will shoot down all opponents, and urban France will remember too well the fate of Paris to venture on rebellion. Perhaps so; but where is its strength to come from? The army is certainly not Legitimist; it will support for a time, perhaps, any Government that addresses it in the name of France; but its sympathies are either Republican or Imperialist. No one pretends that the peasantry have the dimmest notion of loyalty to the House of BOURBON. They know no more and care no more about them than an English farm-labourer knows and cares about the ex-King of HANOVER. All they want is a policeman with a crown on his head, and they would never have the slightest objection to exchanging their BOURBON for any other policeman who looked smarter, and wore a finer crown, and promised to stand something handsome all round. All that can be said of a Legitimist Monarchy, so far as internal tranquillity goes, is that if it got hold of the machinery of government, and had the legal right to kill and imprison, it might maintain itself for a time in the face of the passionate hatred of a large portion of the population. As to its foreign policy, its friends already take care that there shall be no mistake as to what that will be. What especially charms his admirers in the feeble exile of Frohsdorf is that he may safely be trusted to embark France at the earliest possible moment in a new foreign war. It will be his delight and glory to make Italy suffer at the hands of France what France has lately been suffering at the hands of Germany. A war to restore the Temporal Power of the Pope is the great feature in the Legitimist programme. It has of course to be acknowledged that the leave of Prince BISMARCK must be first obtained, but it is calculated that, if properly worked, he may be induced to look with cynical indifference on two Catholic nations destroying each other in a quarrel about the head of their religion. When Italy is conquered, and the Pope restored, his throne, it must be remembered, will have to be upheld by a perpetual French occupation of Rome. From a religious point of view, the difficulties and the expense thus created for France may seem as dross compared with the glories of spiritual triumph; but from the point of view of an investor, the prospect seems sufficiently alarming to cause him much doubt and anxiety before he commits himself to lending money to a country that proposes to embark in a policy so hazardous.

ENGLISH ANARCHISTS AND THEIR TEACHERS.

THE professed anarchists and enemies of society who assemble in London public-houses to sympathize with the defeated miscreants of the Paris Commune might be more confidently despised if their schemes were not partially countenanced by theorists of a higher order. The most mischievous doctrine which can be instilled into the mind of a community is that nothing should be taken for granted. Religious fanatics and persecutors have at least offered to their proselytes and victims some kind of moral code; but the modern Republicans of London and Paris, believing, as their most eloquent eulogist declares, in no God and in no man, have taught themselves to regard all questions as open. The club to which Mr. GLADSTONE has lately refused an audience seems to be divided in opinion as to the expediency and propriety of the Paris murders and conflagrations; but the members who hold that the Archbishop was rightly served, because he was an Archbishop, receive as patient a hearing as their more cautious colleagues. It is satisfactory to know that if a proposal should be made for burning London, and cutting the throats of the respectable inhabitants, it would be dispassionately considered, and possibly rejected by a majority of votes. All the Republican orators and their adherents concur in the proposition that the blame of the late disasters rests wholly or principally on M. THIERS, and the retaliatory measures of his Government are unanimously condemned. It may be hoped that few working men approve the doctrines of their self-appointed leaders; but the comfortable belief that the exaggerations of oral wickedness are harmless has been rudely shaken by the events of Paris.

The followers of FLOURENS and ROCHEFORT during the later months of the Empire propounded in their clubs the same doctrines which have since been illustrated in their practice. They had familiarized themselves with professions of irreconcilable hatred to the upper and middle classes before they proceeded, under ringleaders selected from the lowest rabble, to the destruction of the public buildings of the capital, and the deliberate massacre of unoffending captives. It was to express approval of their crimes that their English admirers proposed to hold a mob meeting in the streets or in the Park, for the obvious purpose of ascertaining and displaying the numerical strength of their party. On further consideration they have thought it better to avoid the risk of failure, and the chance of encountering another mob, which, notwithstanding its predilections for disorder, still retains an antiquated prejudice against the wanton assassination of Roman Catholic priests.

The meeting which proposed to send a deputation to Mr. GLADSTONE and Lord GRANVILLE was encouraged by a sympathetic letter from Mr. MILL in denunciation of the severity attributed to the French Government. The agitators whom he addressed required, as he well knew, no additional stimulus to their hostility against any regular Government at home or abroad; and they were actually assembled to vindicate the immunity from punishment of the murderers and incendiaries of Paris. For the crimes which have shocked the civilized world Mr. MILL had not a word of reprobation; but he assumed, on the evidence of general rumour, that M. THIERS and the Versailles Assembly had been guilty of unjustifiable cruelty in suppressing the revolt. Although he scarcely referred to the question of extradition, his gratuitous communication was naturally accepted as a proof of his concurrence in the supposed objects of the meeting. The illiterate brawlers whom he addressed probably believed that the Government had the power of exercising absolute discretion as to the surrender of political or ordinary criminals; but Mr. MILL must have been well aware that the interpretation of the Treaty and the Act of Parliament is a judicial and not an administrative duty. As Mr. GLADSTONE has since, with prudent vagueness, informed the demagogues who applied for an audience, "HER MAJESTY'S" "Government will, no doubt, should occasion arise, act on "any power given them by the existing law, in this, as in all other cases." It may perhaps be urged in excuse for Mr. MILL's unnecessary protest, that his temperament is unusually susceptible; but philosophers ought to possess a portion of the self-control which is practised by ordinary members of the educated classes. The reputation which has been accumulated by a life of intellectual labour has been gravely impaired since Mr. MILL in an evil hour determined to engage in political activity. It would be too much to say that since his entrance into Parliament he has never once judged dispassionately or soundly, but in all the agitations which he has countenanced his vehemence has been more conspicuous than his judgment. A zealous promoter of the mob meetings which followed the Hyde Park riot, an earnest advocate of female suffrage, and a condescending patron of the wildest revolutionary clubs, Mr. MILL has done as much as any living politician to unsettle the foundations of government and society. His latest project of disturbance is also the most mischievous, although his programme nominally excludes the barefaced robbery which is advocated by the Land and Labour League. The proposal of confiscating the additions which the progress of wealth and population makes to the value of land strikes at the root of private property. Almost every other kind of investment becomes more valuable as general prosperity advances, and the prospective increase has in all cases entered into the calculations of the purchaser. The model heroes of Paris, who boast that they believe neither in God nor in man, assail capital or accumulated personality rather than real property. In England, where political economy is still partially regarded, it is more popular to propose a redistribution of land, especially as the holders are comparatively few in number. It is not creditable to Mr. MILL's fairness or accuracy that he should adopt the Census return of 1861 which reduces the number of landowners to 30,000. As it has been shown, one-half of the list consists of women, for the simple reason that they are for the most part not included under any other description. All the merchants, the tradesmen, the clergy, and the lawyers who own land are excluded from the table in the Census; and possibly it might appear that peers and baronets have in some instances designated themselves by their titles rather than by reference to the nature of their possessions. In assailing the principle of private property Mr. MILL has disciples and associates who propound theories more extravagant than his own; but his celebrity, and the popular favour which he has gained

by the promulgation of profound doctrines which happen to flatter vulgar passions, render him especially responsible for the spread of revolutionary opinions. Mr. RUSKIN's florid rhetoric excites a suspicion of unsoundness even in uncultivated minds; while Mr. MILL's grave and lucid exposition of subversive paradoxes convinces willing adherents.

Practical revolutionists invariably disregard the limitations by which their prophets and teachers reconcile their own consciences to political and social innovations. The English members of the International Society, of whom many also belong to the Land and Labour League, would ridicule Mr. MILL's distinction between land and any other kind of private property; and they propose to seize not only the unearned increment of value, but the entire bulk of the estate. The Communists of Paris stood in a similar relation to the French writers who devoted themselves for many years to the propagation and defence of Jacobinical principles. M. LOUIS BLANC says with truth that it is not necessary for him to disavow sympathy with pillage, with arson, or with assassination; but in all his works he has flattered the passions and prejudices of the populace of Paris, and he has elected for his favourite hero the most bloodstained of revolutionary leaders. His extravagant adulation of Paris and its democracy has not enabled him during the recent crisis to exercise the smallest influence on the side of peace and order. The constituents who lately elected him to the Assembly have probably since that time taken part in the insurrection, if not in the final atrocities perpetrated by the Commune. M. VICTOR HUGO is another eulogist of the old Reign of Terror who has been forced to witness in impotent dismay the temporary triumph of principles which might have been deduced from his own writings. Political sophists and rhetoricians fail to understand that life and property can only be secured by acknowledged sacredness and inviolability. The right of labour, as it was preached by M. LOUIS BLANC at the Luxembourg in 1848, was not intended to involve the abolition of capital, and still less the murder or persecution of capitalists; but the demand of the workmen to employment and maintenance to be furnished by the State has, in the course of twenty years, expanded into an exclusive claim to all political power and all material enjoyment. As the poets and historians who created the legendary worship of the First NAPOLEON were disappointed by the establishment of their faith in the form of the Second Empire, the professors of Jacobinism shrink from the embodiment in the Commune of the doctrines which they had rendered popular. The comparatively moderate professors of economic and philanthropic revolution in England would probably be surprised and distressed by the overthrow of the Government and society which they are unconsciously undermining. When a writer in a respectable and thoughtful paper proposes to appropriate to the State all the classes of property which may be described as natural or artificial monopolies, he probably fails to appreciate the magnitude of the change which he recommends. Projects for the fanciful distribution of wealth are generally conceived without reference to the causes of accumulation; but consistent communism is more logically defensible than partial attempts to tamper with the institution of property.

GERMANY AND ALSACE.

GERMANY has at last got Elsass and as much of Lothringen as she chose to take, and, having got them, she has now to govern them, and make them her own. It is one of the most curious and interesting experiments in the art of government that this modern world has seen. Elsass cannot forget the days when it was Alsace. In some unpleasant and unaccountable manner, it cares for France more than for Germany, and tramples on history, and ignores race, and protests against the results of the war. For a wonder, it actually in the nineteenth century is not on the side of success. Naturally the French, who have not much to be proud of just now, are very proud of this; for there is no dispute about the fact. Prince BISMARCK, who at least has the merit of supreme frankness, allows his countrymen to foster no illusions on the matter. Elsass rejects its historical mother, and clings to its naughty, unfortunate, suffering nurse. But the Germans are not to be baffled easily. They think that with time and patience and skill anything in the world may be done. They have set themselves so to govern Alsace that the day shall come when its French sympathies will have died away, and it will know and think of nothing but Germany. How this is to be done is a great problem in government, and the mode in which the problem is sought to be

practically solved is worth the most attentive study. An excellent description of the German rule in Alsace has been given under the signature of ALBERT DUMONT in the last number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. Of course it is written from the French point of view. The writer exults in the failure which the Germans have hitherto had to encounter. But it does not appear to be an unfair account of what has happened, for the author renders ample justice to the mixture of indulgence and firmness which the Germans have displayed. His triumph would not, in fact, be half what it is if he blackened the character of the conquerors, or spoke of them as men without skill and without a knowledge of the arts of empire. What delights him is that, in spite of all the pains they have taken to apply the most judicious mixture of harshness and leniency, in spite of their knowing everything, foreseeing everything, bearing and forbearing largely and long, Elsass cannot abide them, has not the slightest wish to belong to Germany, and pines for the day when it shall be once more Alsace.

Immediately after the battles of Weissenburg and Wörth, Alsace and German Lorraine were seized on as part of Germany. Every minute detail had been foreseen, and the exact frontier line had been studiously traced long before by German patience and skill. This new part of Germany was at once governed as if it were part of Germany. It was never treated as the districts of France were treated that were occupied by the German armies. Strasburg was indeed bombarded, and M. DUMONT represents the Alsatians as resenting the needless cruelty of the bombardment. It was quite certain that Strasburg must yield directly the parallels were pushed far enough, and the French garrison had no means of preventing the besiegers from making their approaches. The bombardment did no good to the enemy, while it inflicted infinite misery on the inhabitants. But however true this may have been, it is not pretended that the people of Strasburg would have looked with any more favour on their conquerors if they had not been bombarded; so that the objection to the bombardment is the general objection that all bombardments are useless, rather than that the Germans were unwise in adding this to the other causes of the antipathy of Alsace. When Strasburg came into their hands the Germans fixed there the seat of their administration. A regular machinery for governing the province was instituted, and the new authorities set themselves to the double task of making it understood that the Germans were the true friends of Alsace, and of repressing every sign of sympathy for France. The Count of BISMARCK-BÖHLEN was appointed Governor, and although M. DUMONT sneers at his piety, he unhesitatingly confesses that the Count showed himself most amiable, considerate, and polite. His subordinates worked in the same spirit. But German politeness is consistent with displays of the utmost rigour when rigour seems necessary, and very harsh measures were taken to inspire a wholesome dread of counteracting the plans of the conquerors. It was declared to be a matter of honour with all functionaries that they should work on behalf of Germany as if they were Germans. They were expected to afford every facility to the military operations of the Germans, and to do everything to baffle the possible military operations of the French. No one was allowed to pass out of his commune without special permission. All arms were sought for and taken away. The local newspapers were entirely suppressed; and ladies who dared to sing un-German songs, or play un-German music, were at once arrested. Even the children were not allowed to play at games which gave offence to the authorities. It was discovered that the Alsatians spoke a patois unintelligible to Germans, but they were at once to be made to speak good German, and French was utterly forbidden in all schools and official places as the language to be employed. On the other hand, there was an appearance of much kindness and consideration. Some at least of the French officials who were dispossessed were allowed to retire on a pension of the full amount of their salary, and the ordinary taxation of Alsace was not increased beyond what it had been before the war. Every effort was made to prove that the inhabitants of the province had better accept what was inevitable, and that the Germans meant well by them. In short, as M. DUMONT justly says, both on the side of harshness and on the side of leniency, Alsace and German Lorraine were treated neither better nor worse than Hanover was treated during and immediately after the war of 1866. German government, with its many forms of unpleasantness, was brought to bear on them, but still they were treated as part of Germany.

Nevertheless, Alsace was neither to be terrified nor per-

suaded. It remained absolutely French. In spite of the severe decrees directed not only against those who joined the French armies, but against their families, 17,000 Alsatians managed to enrol themselves in the new levies of France. The judges of the high Courts, the professors of the upper schools, preferred destitution to compliance with the wishes of their new masters. All civil causes had to be adjourned, and German teachers had to be imported. The women persisted in dressing in mourning, and no German officer was received in private society. M. DUMONT even informs us that the common people were suddenly seized with a passion for secretly learning and speaking French. Every subterfuge was resorted to in order to escape the payment of taxes and lessen the receipts of the German exchequer. At last came the elections in February to the French Assembly, and the Germans, under the direction of Prince BISMARCK, abstained from all interference in them. The true sentiments of Alsace were freely manifested, and they chose without exception either local patriots devoted to France, or national celebrities like GAMBETTA or JULES FAURE. The Germans, although they did not interfere with the voting, prohibited all canvassing or any publication of lists of candidates; so that it was impossible to regard the result of the elections as the work of an active French clique. It was the expression of the intense desire of the Alsatians to be French, and of their resolution to make their real wishes known to all the world at the very moment when it was obvious they were about finally to cease to be French. One of the Deputies they elected, a popular provincial, who had been Mayor of Strasburg at the time of the siege, happened to die at Bordeaux. His remains were brought to Strasburg, and his funeral afforded the Alsatians a last opportunity of showing their persistent sympathy with a man who had never faltered in his attachment to France. He is recorded to have declared shortly before his death that although he saw how great would be the material advantages to Alsace in becoming German, and although he recognised the consummate skill of the Germans in administration, yet there was to his mind something in France which was more to him than all that Germany had to offer. It is perfectly legitimate that Frenchmen should glory in such utterances. France, impoverished, humiliated, torn by civil war, has still an undefinable charm, and can still appeal to the hearts and imagination of men. In order to estimate rightly the place of France in Europe it is as necessary to bear this in mind as to dwell on the gigantic blunders it has recently committed, and on the national shortcomings indicated by the events of the war, and by the sad story of the reign and the suppression of the Commune. No one knows better than Prince BISMARCK how great are the difficulties which the love of Alsace for France throws in the way of German statesmen; and no one can be more anxious that what he sees all Germans should see also. He has recently strained his great personal influence and authority to the utmost, in order to induce the German Parliament to abstain from subjecting the new provinces too quickly and vigorously to a German Government of the usual type. He has obtained liberty to manage them exactly as he pleases until the beginning of 1873. He has begun by accepting the payment of a portion of the first instalment of the French indemnity in notes of the Bank of France, in order that he may have immediate funds for the wants of Elsass and Lorraine, where these notes are familiar to the people. On the other hand, an edict has been issued enforcing universal compulsory education, after the German pattern, on every child above the age of six years. The two instruments of government to which he trusts are the bestowal of material advantages on this generation and the training of the next generation. Above all, he looks to the working of the conviction that the fate of Elsass is fixed, and that nothing that can be said or done will make it anything but German. How far he may succeed no one can say as yet, but it is evident that, unless a success almost beyond hope attends his efforts, Elsass and Lothringen will long be as much estranged from the German Fatherland as the Poles of Posen are from Prussia, or the Czechs of Bohemia from Austria.

THE GOVERNMENT AND THE PUBLIC BUSINESS.

SIR JOHN PAKINGTON'S grievance in the matter of the Cornish Rangers and the counting out of the House was not in itself extraordinarily interesting. It was perhaps wrong that a member of the Government should wish to count out so respectable a leader of the Opposition, and on

the other hand Sir JOHN PAKINGTON committed a venial error in quoting a document which was not intended for his inspection. Judicious persons ought never to oversee or to overhear secret communications, large or small. Fortunately, the Cornish Rangers can afford to wait, and Mr. CARDWELL promises that the question, which has been two or three times debated in the House of Lords, shall be brought before the House of Commons. Standing orders and their application, however useful, often tend to produce excitement. It is found by experience that a discussion on the business of the House always tends to become a squabble. The Minister, impressed with the importance of his own measures, and with the hopelessness of non-official legislation, begins about this time of year to ask for additional time at the expense either of the scanty leisure or of the sanguine activity of independent members. In supporting his proposal he is tempted to refer to the waste of time which has been caused by unnecessary debates, if not by factious opposition. The Government has, as he confesses, been compelled to abandon many admirable measures promised in the Speech from the Throne, and it has therefore become a still more imperative duty to press forward the indispensable Bills which still remain to be passed. If the Prime Minister has in his character a dash of the pedagogue, he cannot refrain from threatening his opponents with the loss of a part of their holidays if they persist, after notice, in thwarting his patriotic intentions. They are told that the remaining business of the Session must be finished without regard to time, although Parliament may be kept together not only over the 12th of August, but beyond the 1st of September. When appeals and menaces of this kind are addressed to the House, it is found that ex-Ministers, not unmindful of their own former difficulties, regard with tolerant sympathy the embarrassments and annoyances of their successors; but the majority of the House feels a not unnatural repugnance to morning sittings, and zealous champions of the rights of independent members know that their opportunities of discharging their duties to their constituents are about to be still further reduced. It might seem remarkable that the defenders of existing institutions should display the most vigilant jealousy of Ministerial encroachments. The precedence of official business constitutes an efficient check on the production of many questionable projects of legislation. The Deceased Wife's Sister's Bill, the Female Suffrage Bill, the Permissive Bill, the Burials Bill, and Mr. MIALL's Resolution for abolishing the Church of England, are among the most conspicuous products of private and irresponsible energy; but the party which is least fertile of crotchetts and innovations happens for the present to be in opposition, and the proposals of the Government are examined and censured by its legitimate critics. After a longer or shorter struggle the House adopts the suggestions of the Government, as becomes an Assembly which is never indifferent to practical considerations.

Theorists who discuss the merits of representative institutions sometimes dilate on the didactic functions of Parliament; and undoubtedly the practice of free discussion forms an instrument of political education; but the external and incidental effects of debate are of secondary importance in comparison with the actual process of legislation. The measures of the Government are properly allowed precedence, not only because they may possibly be urgent, but also because they are the only Bills which are likely to be passed. The most strenuous opponent of the Army Bill cannot deny that the production of some measure on the subject was indispensable, or that the Government is bound in consistency to persist in its proposals. If Mr. CARDWELL were, after three months' reticence, at last to produce a complete scheme of retirement and promotion, the new issues which must be raised would prolong the debates beyond all reasonable limits. The objections to the details of the Bill, and more especially to the provisions for abolishing purchase, have been fully and repeatedly set forth; and nothing is to be gained by protesting still further against the decision of the majority. Even if the officers of the army could afford to risk, by the defeat of the Bill, the probable loss of all their purchase money beyond the regulation price, they would have no chance of inducing the House of Commons to reject the Bill. The House of Lords, whatever may be its decision, may claim the credit of uniformly abstaining from the indirect method of defeating unpalatable measures by efflux of time. It matters little whether the extension of the hours of sitting diminishes the scanty facilities which are enjoyed in the early part of every Session by independent members. Scarcely any of the non-official Bills of the year deserve to pass, nor is there any administra-

ive question which at present calls for discussion. A few years ago foreign affairs furnished innocent excitement to a Parliament which in the happy PALMERSTON era had not found it necessary to take the Constitution bit by bit to pieces. In the present day the affairs of the Continent would be dangerous subjects of discussion; and the English Parliament has neither the power nor the wish to exercise influence abroad. Mr. GLADSTONE lately stated, in answer to a question, that no legislation will be necessary for the purpose of giving effect to the Treaty of Washington. It may be doubted whether he was correctly informed as to the provisions relating to the Canadian Fisheries; but the House of Commons apparently feels no desire to express any opinion on the general policy of the Treaty.

Some of the members of the Opposition complained, as might have been expected, of Mr. GLADSTONE's management of the business of the House. Their objections probably applied to his occasional temper and demeanour rather than to his detailed arrangements; and there is no use in requiring from a Minister the exercise of minor virtues in which he may be thought deficient. It is scarcely the fault of the Government that the dozen Irish Members who formed the minority against the Westmeath Bill should have deemed it necessary to make as many eloquent speeches in exposition of their conscientious scruples. A day might perhaps have been saved by the anticipation of the proposal for making the Lord Lieutenant's warrant operative in England as well as in Ireland; but fortunately the measure is producing its intended effect in the voluntary exile of patriots even before it has become law. It is cheaper to let the Ribbon ringleaders escape to America than to maintain them in gaol; and it may be hoped that, on the expiration of the Act, some of them will find it more profitable to share in the municipal government of New York than to renew their favourite practices in Westmeath. There are optimists who persuade themselves that Mr. GLADSTONE's spirited challenge to Mr. MARTIN will be justified by the political conversion of the secular and clerical guides of the Irish people. It unluckily happens that the representation of Westmeath and of another Irish constituency is at present vacant; but the Government, if it is defeated in either contest, may fairly argue that time has not yet been allowed for the full operation of remedial measures. It is a matter of course that candidates should announce in their addresses that they disapprove of a Bill with the vulgar and tyrannical object of protecting life and property in Westmeath or elsewhere. If an Irish Parliament were to be re-established, its members would at first be singularly embarrassed by the unaccustomed responsibility of independent legislation. If experiments on so large a scale were not too expensive to be tried, there would be some amusement in watching the necessary adoption of the iniquitous doctrines and practices which now devolve upon an alien Government and majority.

Mr. DISRAELI made a point in ridiculing the alleged urgency of the Ballot Bill, when Mr. GLADSTONE himself had only become a convert to the doctrine of secret voting a year ago. A satirical apologist might have replied that the constitution of the Minister's mind renders him habitually most enthusiastic in defence of the principles which he has most recently adopted. The characteristic zeal of proselytes is explained by their peculiar temperament. The arguments which have prevailed to change their convictions seem conclusive while they are fresh in recollection; and, on the other hand, they have already forgotten the external circumstances which left them open to persuasion. When the Irish Church Bill and the Irish Land Bill were passed, Mr. GLADSTONE perhaps felt that his hold on the extreme section of his party might be relaxed unless he reconsidered the differences of opinion which had survived from his earlier political period. It became natural that he should examine his reasons for opposing the Ballot, and on reflection it appeared that for their own purposes the ultra-Liberals were perhaps well advised in desiring to abolish the influence of position and property. Before the end of the Session Mr. GLADSTONE had not only satisfied himself of the expediency of vote by ballot, but, for the purpose of removing the theoretical objection that the suffrage is a trust, he had leaped to the conclusion that the trustees ought, by the adoption of universal suffrage, to be made coextensive with the parties interested. It might indeed be questioned whether the most promiscuous extension of political rights morally involves the abolition of the corresponding duties; but Mr. GLADSTONE's conversion, when it was by whatever means effected, was not likely to remain speculative or idle. The Ballot now appears to him an object of primary and immediate importance; and it is in fact highly expedient for party purposes that it should be introduced before the next general election.

Mr. GOSCHEN has for the moment failed in his attempt to sow division between landlords and tenants, but the Ballot would cause a transfer of several county seats. If the House of Lords should reject the Bill, the agitation which may ensue will perhaps do the Government as good service as the Ballot itself.

THE LORDS ON THE ARMY SCHEME.

THE recent discussion in the House of Lords may be accepted as an indication that the most important part of the Government Army scheme will not be so entirely cast into the shade as it has been in the Commons. The purchase question is no doubt a grave matter, if only on account of the principle involved and the outlay contemplated; but whether we are really to have an efficient army backed by an adequate Reserve is, to our minds, a more vital question than whether officers are to be allowed to buy their way up to the command of regiments. The facts which were brought out in the replies to Lord SANDHURST's temperate and sensible criticisms are somewhat meagre, and far from encouraging. In order to secure a Reserve, all recruits in future are to be enlisted on the terms of six years' service with the colours, followed by six in the Reserve. In order to hasten the formation of the nucleus of the Reserve army, soldiers who have served only three years have been allowed to transfer themselves to the Reserve, and have availed themselves of the offer to the number of about 2,500. The reasonable dread of depleting the ranks of the army of all full-grown soldiers has led to the revocation of this order; but the inquiry which has been provoked by it has shown a weakness in the short-service arrangements which threatens to be fatal to the Government plan. Short service will necessitate the raising annually of between 30,000 and 40,000 recruits. Hitherto we have raised about half that number, and to maintain that rate of enlistment it is said, on the highest authority, to be absolutely essential to accept lads nominally eighteen years old, and really very often at least a year younger. Even with this mischievous concession as to age, we are getting now, with the utmost exertion, just about the same number of recruits as under the old conditions. The short service circular seems slightly to have checked the rate of enlistment, the numbers obtained in the three previous weeks having been 1,162, and in the three following weeks 1,149. Lord NORTHBROOK was, however, able to pick out four weeks of this year, partly under the new and partly under the old system, in which the old rate was fully maintained, and it seems slightly improved. Upon the whole, if the special efforts now being made are allowed for, the utmost that can be hoped under the new system is to raise as many recruits as we have done in former years—that is, about 17,000 per annum. Now let any one consider what this means. It means that while we shall require a certain number of men annually to feed the Army and the Reserve on the scale which Mr. CARDWELL's scheme demands, we shall get about half that number of recruits, the majority of whom will be boys. The full effect of this will only be felt by degrees, but the result will be (if the rate of enlistment cannot be improved) that in the end both Army and Reserve will fall to one-half of the proposed strength.

This is not the only serious aspect of the matter. To reduce a proposed army of 100,000 men at home to 50,000 would scarcely satisfy even Mr. CARDWELL's views, and, in fact, the loss in the home force would be greater still, because the garrison of India cannot bear its share of the reduction. But assuming that we should have 50,000 men at home, what would they be? Half of them would be lads under 20, many boys of 17 or 18, and scarcely any of a greater age than 24 or 25. After 21 or 22, youth, if coupled with sufficient training, is rather an advantage than a drawback; but immature lads from 17 or 18 to 20 or 21 will die off like flies if exposed to bad climates, or to severe trials from exposure or prolonged exertion. On the figures as yet available an absolute prediction cannot be founded, but this at least is certain, that unless we can double our rate of recruiting, the strength of the army cannot be maintained; and unless we can tempt grown men to enlist, the short service system, good as it is in theory, will destroy the physical power of our troops. As Lord SANDHURST very pointedly put it, to organize an army of striplings is to organize defeat.

And the mischief is not wholly prospective. Even at this moment it has advanced so far that in one regiment now under orders for India—where it is known that only mature men can hope to withstand the effects of the climate—more than half the strength (472 out of 924) is composed of lads under twenty years of age. Youth is a fault that will mend, but

only on two conditions—one that the man survives, the other that he remains in the service. Exposed to a tropical climate, a very large proportion must fail to fulfil the first condition, and the new terms of enlistment will exclude from the army, as a rule, all but men, say, from seventeen or eighteen to twenty-five years of age. These will form the staple of our defence, and even if their numbers were adequate, their power of endurance would be unequal to the demands of war.

Neither the Duke of CAMBRIDGE nor Lord NORTHBROOK ventured to dispute any of the conclusions which Lord SANDHURST had demonstrated, and their answers hold out only the gloomiest prospect for our future army. As to the excessive youth of the soldiers and the utter unfitness of such troops to bear the severe pressure of war, the Duke of CAMBRIDGE was scarcely less emphatic than Lord SANDHURST. He too said that it was essential that men going to India should not be under twenty years of age, and that if it were possible it would be an enormous advantage, both to the individuals and to the State, not to engage a single man under that age. Nevertheless, this evil, which is sapping the heart out of our best regiments, must continue, and is intended to continue, in the prosecution of the Government scheme. We are to go on raising boy recruits, because it is pronounced, and truly pronounced, to be impossible to get men. Let us quote the Duke of CAMBRIDGE once more:—“Hitherto we have failed in every ‘attempt we have made to get men of the age of twenty and upwards, and we have been obliged, in order to keep up our complements, to take men at younger ages.’ And again:—‘I say it is impossible to go into the labour market for men unless you take them at the objectionable ages.’”

MR. CARDWELL has insisted more than once that short service is of the essence of any army organization that is to include a reserve. Few will dispute this, but it is equally true that the procuring mature recruits in sufficient numbers is of the essence of any short service system. Under the old terms of service, the men under age, though always far too numerous, formed in general a small minority in each regiment, but with a six years’ enlistment half of the men will be of the objectionable ages. The Government scheme is brought forward with the full knowledge that it will involve this inevitable degradation of the muscle and stamina of our troops. Even if there were no difficulty in securing adequate numbers, this loss of quality in our soldiers which is contemplated so calmly would be far too high a price to pay even for the possession of our much-needed Reserve. We have already pointed out how utterly insufficient the numbers of our recruits are, and, coupling this with the age of those who are obtained, it is not too much to say that Mr. CARDWELL’s project is to secure a Reserve in the course of many years by a very large outlay, and by the sacrifice both of the numerical strength and the fighting power of the British army.

There is no exaggeration in this, but the Government, it may be said, are not to be held responsible for the unwillingness of grown men to enlist in anything like the numbers required. This would be fair enough if there were no way out of the difficulty. But there is an alternative pointed out again and again, and once more urged by Lord SANDHURST in his serviceable speech. Men of full age who are in the Militia are by no means, as a rule, disinclined to enter the regular army, and if it were the understood duty of Militia officers to encourage, us it is now their habitual practice to discourage, enlistment into the army, we believe that, both in numbers and in age, it would be possible to obtain all the recruits necessary to keep up the army under the short service regulations. At any rate, this is the method by which the desired end may be most nearly attained, and nothing would be simpler than to modify the present regulations so as to make the Militia the nursery of the Line, the primary source from which to draw its recruits. This, though recommended by all the best men in the army, has been steadily rejected for no assignable reason except the possible difficulty it might create in procuring a sufficient supply of Militia recruits. If Lord NORTHBROOK was right in speaking of the facility with which the ranks of the Militia are now filled up, it is clear that some little additional demand for men might be satisfied, and even if this were not so, it would be better to exact a few weeks’ compulsory duty in the Militia than to trust the defence of the country to half an army of immature lads. The principle of keeping the ballot in reserve is part of the Government scheme, and so long as it can be done consistently with the maintenance of the army, no one would object to the continuance of voluntary enlistment in the Militia. But to refuse to make the fullest

use of the Militia as a nursery for the army, for fear of being driven to the ballot to fill the gaps in the Militia, is to incur a very heavy responsibility, and almost to invite disaster.

MR. LOWE ON DEBT AND TAXATION.

IN the speech which he delivered immediately after the Whitsuntide recess, Mr. Lowe enunciated sound principles of finance for the purpose of drawing some questionable deductions. With other prudent statesmen he objects to the removal of indirect taxation, because it is undesirable that one class should provide revenue for another class to spend. Mr. FAWCETT had previously protested against an arrangement of which the immoral tendency is abundantly illustrated by the practice and theory of the city of New York; but it is remarkable that two accomplished economists should fail to perceive that their defence of indirect taxes is founded on political rather than on economical reasons. More important institutions than the tea and sugar duties are endangered by the establishment of a constituency which has no direct or visible interest in maintaining them. Mr. MILL and other subversive theorists are inviting a landless population to disregard property in land, and more thoroughgoing and more consistent anarchists invite the recipients of wages to plunder the hoards of capitalists. Mr. Lowe’s estimate of the wisdom and virtue of the multitude is sufficiently well known; but in common with the rest of his countrymen he has been compelled to seek for shelter at the back of the North wind. If the tea and sugar duties could be proved to be unjust, the ratepayers would not long submit to an undue share of taxation merely because it might be supposed to operate as a check on their own political selfishness. A better argument for the maintenance of taxes on consumption was derived from their elastic properties. As Mr. Lowe explained, the sacrifice of the duties on tea and sugar would be absolute and unqualified unless the loss were practically replaced by additional expenditure on alcoholic liquors. Happily for the Exchequer, thirst for beer expands with wealth and population, for in 1825 each inhabitant of England drank a third, and in 1870 four-fifths, of a barrel. The consumption of home-made spirits had proportionately decreased, but as Mr. Lowe observed, through the increased demand for foreign spirits, the devil and the Chancellor of the Exchequer lose nothing. MEPHISTOPHELES must have been amused at the complacent statistics of the terrestrial functionary, while Mr. BRUCE was perhaps alternately listening to the boasts of his colleague, and lamenting over the defeat of his own attempt to diminish the consumption of the beer. It is evident that the financial success of the reductions of taxation since 1842 has mainly depended on the transfer of expenditure to commodities which are still liable to duty. Mr. COBDEN often complained that fiscal reforms had in one sense been nugatory, because the total produce of Customs and Excise had not been reduced. To a Finance Minister looking primarily to the interests of the Treasury the same result must necessarily be welcome. The Income-tax has also in thirty years doubled its productiveness; but no financier could reckon with confidence on a continuance of the advance; and the proportionate return would probably decline with a large increase of the rate of taxation.

The comparison which was proposed by Mr. WHITE and considered by Mr. Lowe was not so much between indirect and direct taxation as between the continuance of duties on consumption and the suspension of the machinery for discharging the Debt. Concurrence in Mr. Lowe’s practical conclusion is not incompatible with dissent from some of his arguments. It is on political grounds desirable to retain as long as possible moderate duties on tea, on sugar, and on other articles of universal consumption; but the revenue arising from the Customs and Excise is neither especially nor principally applicable to the reduction of the National Debt; and it might be more plausibly contended that the new twopence of Income-tax represents the burden for the year of the Terminable Annuities. As Mr. Lowe explained, while the Debt is principally held by residents in the United Kingdom, the discharge of a portion of the burden neither increases nor diminishes the collective national wealth; and it is a question whether the inconvenience imposed on taxpayers finds compensation in the receipt of money by creditors who have no desire to be paid. It is true that the community, present and future, must be considered as an organic and undying body, nor is it possible to disapprove of Mr. Lowe’s generous sentiments and orthodox morality. A former

generation made sacrifices for national security and greatness, and their descendants would act unworthily if they refused to imitate their example. Not from such stocks, according to HORACE and Mr. LOWE, sprang the offspring which encountered HANNIBAL or NAPOLEON; and it was on contrary principles that, as VIRGIL and the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER remark, Etruria and England rose to greatness; but, after all, the payment or non-payment of debt is a matter of money and calculation. Three or four years ago economic wiseacres were in the habit of exhorting railway companies to avoid debt by constructing new works out of revenue; but even the craziest projectors abstained from proposing that they should redeem out of income their permanent debts. The London and North Western Company, paying about 7 per cent. to its shareholders and 4 per cent. on its debenture stock, has evidently raised most cheaply the portion of its capital which it has borrowed. Like the English nation the Company would be richer if it owed nothing; but it would not gain a shilling, and its shareholders would be greatly incommoded, by reducing the dividend for the purpose of diminishing the amount of interest. The English taxpayer pays only $3\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. on the nominal amount of the debt; and a partial redemption in the most direct and advantageous form is but an investment at the lowest rate of interest. The same operation effected by the roundabout contrivance of Terminable Annuities is still less profitable, and it is only made possible by the accident that the State in its banking capacity has the opportunity of manipulating at pleasure several millions sterling. Except at a heavy loss, Terminable Annuities are not saleable in the open market; and it is not denied that the sole object of the contrivance is to cheat the country and the House of Commons into the adoption of the conclusions for which Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. LOWE are afraid to rely on their reasons and their eloquence.

By far the best of Mr. LOWE's arguments for the reduction of the Debt consisted in the just remark that, as there will be a constant demand for the highest class of security, a reduction in the amount of the Debt would increase the value of the residue, and possibly raise Consols to par. Eighteen years ago Mr. GLADSTONE thought it possible gradually to reduce the interest on the Debt from 3 to $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.; and it was with this view that he attempted to convert the old South Sea Stock into a fund bearing a lower rate of interest. It is highly improbable that in the present generation the Three per Cents. will be commuted; but there is an undeniable advantage in the facility of raising loans on the most favourable terms. Whether the prospective diminution of the Debt in 1885 will raise the national credit to the amount of half a crown in the hundred pounds may perhaps be doubted. If the object is sufficiently desirable to be worth an effort, it ought to be pursued in the cheapest, most direct, and most uniform manner. The advocates for the rapid discharge of the Debt habitually leave out of consideration the important element of the steady depreciation of gold. At the end of the great war the nation owed 902,000,000*l.*, and it now owes 793,000,000*l.*, of which 70,000,000*l.* have been borrowed since 1815; but eight hundred millions of sovereigns are worth much less in 1871 than the same quantity of gold in 1815, and, unless the gold fields of California and Australia become unexpectedly exhausted, a proportionate diminution of value will take place before 1885. The increase of the productiveness of the Income-tax by one hundred per cent. is in some degree attributable to the influx of gold, though economists have failed to ascertain the exact bearing of the change on prices and values. If the Debt had been paid off thirty years ago, the State would have been poorer than at present by the total amount of depreciation. It is strange that the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER should delude himself by an appeal to a traditional policy which he at the same time in great part repudiates as a blunder. The doctrine of a Sinking Fund, though it was long traditionally accepted, has become utterly obsolete; and the scheme of Terminable Annuities is but a remnant of the same delusion. The suspension of the payment of principal in the present year would have been justified by the fact that the deficiency of the revenue was caused by a demand on capital account. There is no reason why the taxpayer of 1871 should pay more than his share for the abolition of purchase in the army; nor is it reasonable that in an exceptional year any portion of the public income should be invested at $3\frac{1}{4}$ or 3 per cent. In ordinary years it might probably be prudent to provide a surplus of a million which would be applicable under the Statute to the purchase of Consols in the market. Those who are anxious for the reduction of the Debt ought cordially to support a mode of payment which would perhaps render redemption popular by

giving the taxpayer the immediate benefit resulting from his sacrifices. It is not everybody who will live till 1885, or whose imagination and self-denying spirit will enable him to sympathize with the feelings of the generation which may succeed him.

Mr. LOWE's statistics, though they had no direct bearing on his argument, were highly satisfactory. It is pleasant to think that a nation can drink so much, smoke so much, and import and export so much, and above all that it should pay comparatively moderate taxes. In 1825 each person in the United Kingdom paid on an average 2*l.* 9*s.* 3*d.* in taxation. In 1871 each person pays 1*l.* 18*s.* 5*d.* The addition of local rates would perhaps raise the amount to 2*l.* 10*s.*, or in large towns to 3*l.* In the model capital of the model State of Massachusetts, being the most highly taxed place in the world, the local and general taxation amounts to 6*l.* per head. New York is still by a few shillings short of its Northern rival, but the Municipality and the State Legislature are making every effort to increase the existing burdens. With a metropolitan Commune, a working-class Parliament, and Mr. P. A. TAYLOR or some politician of the same order substituted for Mr. LOWE at the Exchequer, London taxation would speedily attain equally magnificent dimensions.

THE PERMISSIVE BILL MEETING AT GUILDFHALL.

THE noisy meeting at Guildhall furnishes a sufficient reason against passing the Permissive Bill. The precautions taken by the police alone kept that meeting in anything like order, and if meetings should be held where the same restraint could not be applied, there would be danger of recourse to arguments in which the supporters of prohibition could hardly expect to prevail over its opponents. We must once more remind the authors of the Bill that many persons would be affected by it who are not ratepayers, and these persons would be likely to indicate their displeasure by the same method which the matchmakers lately found efficacious. The Bill could not be enforced in London without producing greater evils than it would remove. Indeed, the authors of the Bill admit that the places where drunkenness abounds are "unfavourable for trying the experiment of enforcing prohibition." "It does seem hard," said Sir WILFRID LAWSON lately in the House of Commons, "that the people of a few 'country places where they are ready for the measure—for 'the Bill might possibly have no immediate application 'or effect in London, Manchester, Leeds, and other such 'places—should not be allowed the privilege of putting it in 'force." If the Bill is not expected to apply to London, we think there was no necessity for holding a meeting upon it at Guildhall. We think also that "country places" may be safely left to the magistrates who now deal with them. The difficulties of the licensing system are chiefly felt in the great towns, and if the Permissive Bill is not expected by its author to reach them, we are justified in saying that it altogether wants the character of practical legislation. Supposing the Bill to be passed, and no more to be done by Parliament, the publicans of London would be left with all the influence and organization they at present possess, and they would doubtless exert all their power to defeat any attempt to apply the Bill to London. We can hardly bring ourselves to speak seriously of such a piece of infatuated folly as this attempt would be; but unless it were made, the publicans would remain in undisputed enjoyment of all that they now possess, and all that they can hereafter persuade magistrates to bestow upon them. There has been lately a promise by Mr. BRUCE to introduce a suspensory Bill as regards licences to be hereafter granted, and this is almost the only rational proposal that has emanated from the Government in reference to this subject. The clause of Mr. BRUCE's Bill fixing a scale of licences in proportion to population is, as we lately showed, inapplicable to the metropolis, where provision is largely required for non-resident consumers of beer, wine, and spirits. The observation may be extended to all the principal market towns in England. A complaint lately appeared against an alleged excess of drink-shops in King's Lynn, and it was answered that that town has a large weekly agricultural market, and much more than an average of public-house accommodation is consequently necessary. There may possibly be too many drink-shops in King's Lynn, even if regard be had to the wants of the neighbourhood as well as of the town, but we contend that all the circumstances of each case ought to be taken into consideration, and that Mr. Bruce's proposal of a general scale of licences was worthless. He was doubtless led to make this proposal in the hope of conciliating the Alliance, and we are therefore justified in regarding this body as the

greatest obstacle to the practical improvement of the law of licensing. They probably consider that they have advanced the cause of temperance by holding this meeting in Guildhall, and it was certainly desirable that they should make the most of an opportunity which may never occur again. It was perhaps on this account that their spokesman, Mr. POPE, moved a resolution of portentous length, which at any rate was calculated to advertise the mover as the longest-winded barrister in London. If the Alliance had a leader like Mr. BRIGHT in his best day, they would probably succeed in stating the aim of their agitation in a few plain words. It is perhaps rather severe on Mr. LOWE that the resolutionists should desire to be relieved from "the pressure of taxation and the other social 'evils connected with the licensing system.' The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER expects to be called hard names; but even he might complain of being reckoned as another social evil. The leaders of this movement, if we may judge from their clumsy manifesto, place the pockets of the taxpayers first, and their souls next in importance, as objects of protective legislation.

It may interest, or possibly alarm, our readers to be informed that another equally busy and confident, but less prosperous, organization is preparing to put out their pipes while the Alliance takes energetic measures for cutting off their beer. Supposing oneself to have dined comfortably with a friend, and after drinking a few glasses of good wine to have proceeded to coffee and a cigar, it ought to be rather startling to remember the emphatic denunciations which are uttered from week to week against the habits thus indulged. The anti-tobacco agitators assume as an unquestionable principle that smokers are inferior, morally, physically, and intellectually, to non-smokers. They do not for the present seek to employ any other means than moral suasion to extinguish our pipes and cigars; but, if they gained in numbers and resources, we should not be at all surprised to hear them proposing to enact that smoking should not be allowed in any public place. They assume a natural connexion between smoking and various forms of vice, just as the Alliance takes for granted that all drinkers are potential drunkards. If it be true, as we sometimes hear, that smoking causes drinking, the Alliance ought, if it aims at radical reform, to put out the pipes and cut off the beer of the British nation at the same time. It is difficult when we see a cabman or lighterman indulging in his only luxuries to believe that there are people who desire to deprive him of them. We should like to know how many members of Parliament who lately voted for the Permissive Bill are teetotallers, and whether those who allow themselves stimulants are prepared to justify the imposition of restrictions upon their use by the largest classes of the population. It is a favourite artifice of the Alliance to represent all the opposition to their proposal as originating with the publicans. Their spokesman at the recent meeting demanded that "the profits of a particular class should no longer be allowed to stand in 'the way of a great national benefit.' But Mr. POPE must know that this is not a fair representation of the grounds of opposition to the Permissive Bill. The publicans have perhaps given rather too much prominence to the claim of vested interests, and they would act prudently in relying more upon the permanence of the demand for the article in which they deal. We by no means blame them for organizing opposition to their enemies, and the song of "Sir John Barleycorn," which their supporters sang in the Guildhall, is quite as much to the point of the controversy as the publications of the Alliance. The members of the rival parties were so nearly balanced that the LORD MAYOR had some difficulty in deciding whether Mr. POPE's verbose resolution, or an amendment demanding justice to publicans, had been carried. The victory, however, was finally declared to be with the Alliance, who beat the publicans by a narrow majority in a full house. As the LORD MAYOR stated that he desired that the question should be fully and fairly discussed, it is to be feared that the LORD MAYOR was disappointed. The statutes, having been boarded up for the occasion, escaped injury, the police mitigated the combative propensities of the assembly, and for our own part we support with equanimity the deprivation of reports of speeches which nobody could hear. The whole business was finished in an hour, and we hope that, in the City of London, it will not be revived. The Alliance showed rather better organization than the publicans, since their army arrived first on the field of battle, and took up the most advantageous ground. This, however, may have been an accidental and temporary superiority. When the object is to collect a mob to shout, we should be disposed to believe in the ultimate success of the party which can offer its supporters something to drink.

There will be no pretext for holding such another meeting until next year, and it may be hoped that a satisfactory Licensing Bill will be produced as soon as Parliament meets after the recess. But if the Alliance perseveres in agitation, it cannot be expected that the publicans will abstain from counter demonstrations; and thus in the result the tranquillity of London and the great towns may be endangered. It is the duty of the Government to remove all pretext for disturbance by rational legislation.

THE LATEST ENCYCLICAL.

THE description of the present state of Catholic Europe and of the population of Rome contained in the POPE's last Encyclical Letter is not one which commends itself to the carnal eye. In the former PIUS IX. sees "such a union of 'minds and wills that never from the first ages of the Church 'down to this could it have been said more proudly and more 'truly that the multitude of believers had but one heart and 'one soul.' It is true that the POPE is doing his best to make this account of the matter the true one by the simple process of driving out of the Church any believer who presumes to have any heart or soul of his own. The unanimity of the members of the Roman Catholic Church at this moment is the unanimity of a packed meeting, in which it is understood that every one in the room is to submit to the decisions of the chairman. Excommunication is a great conducive to unity of this kind. As regards the population of Rome the POPE is equally well satisfied. The citizens have displayed the greatest affection and devotedness to the Pontifical throne, together with "a boldness of courage equal to the violence of 'the combat, and a grandeur of soul which is not only worthy 'of that of their ancestors, but stands even in rivalry with 'it.' In that case all that the outside observer can say of them is that their discretion must be as remarkable as their valour. To all appearance the one object of the Roman people has been to leave events to take their course; but underneath this seeming indifference the POPE detects a real enthusiasm. They are but reserving their strength for a future struggle. Until, however, that time comes the courage displayed by them in the conflict with the Italian army must be placed in the category of interior emotions. It is appropriate in an infallible Sovereign that he should be a discerner of the thoughts of his subjects' hearts as well as a spectator of their actions.

But the main object of the Encyclical is rather to denounce the wicked than to commend the good. The "Sub-Alpine" "Government" has, it seems, been guilty, in addition to all its other crimes, of the "shameless dissimulation" of discussing the guarantees to be secured to the POPE, notwithstanding his declaration that he will not accept any guarantees at all. The true nature of these "futile immunities" has been shown in a former letter; the POPE's object in his present communication is to declare to the "entire universe" that any other guarantees which the Italian Government may propose hereafter to substitute for them will be equally worthless. If the POPE cannot have his spiritual independence secured in his own way, he will at least not have it secured in any other way. It is absolutely impossible for him to "admit or accept 'the immunities or guarantees imagined by the Sub-Alpine 'Government, whatever be their tenor, or other measures of 'that kind, whatever they may be, and in whatsoever manner 'they may have been sanctioned." The very offer of such guarantees, the POPE goes on, is an attempt to subject to human laws a person to whom God has committed "the power of making 'laws in the moral and religious order," and who has been "established interpreter of the natural and Divine right "throughout the wide extent of the universe." To take any security from temporal governments for the free exercise of this prerogative would be, in the POPE's estimation, to substitute a mere human invention for that "civil principality with "which Divine Providence has wished that the Holy See "should be provided and fortified." It is impossible without seeing the original to decide whether any special importance is to be attached to this word "wished." If it correctly represents the Latin text, there may be something significant in Divine Providence being described as wishing, not as decreeing, that the POPE shall always be a temporal prince. To represent the Pontifical throne as a necessary element in the Divine plan of governing the world might encourage a dangerous fatalism among Catholics. It is better that they should regard it as one of those features in the ALMIGHTY's design with which wicked men are occasionally suffered to interfere. It is no doubt with the same object of

stirring up Catholics to some definite and united action that the POPE is so anxious to repudiate beforehand the notion that he will put up with any substitute for his civil authority. That God desires the POPE to be independent, that He has left the accomplishment of this desire to brought about by the exertions of men, and that if these exertions are directed towards any other end than the restoration of the POPE's temporal sovereignty they will all be wasted, would not be an ineffective set of convictions for the POPE's purpose. It is probable that he is the more anxious to establish them in the minds of his spiritual subjects, because the recent course of events has been unexpectedly favourable to their bearing useful fruit. It cannot be said that the restoration of the Temporal Power in some shape is quite as improbable contingency as it was some months since. Whatever may be the form of government set up in France, it is likely to be one in which a reaction towards Catholicism will be largely represented. This reaction will be political as well as religious, or, more accurately perhaps, it will be political rather than religious. It will regard the Church in the light of a great conservative organization, which is the object, in common with orderly government and the rights of property, of bitter Republican hatred. If the forces which shaped the Paris insurrection should try a similar experiment at Rome—and in spite of the obvious rashness of such an attempt it is quite possible that it may be made—the French Government might easily be driven by its own adherents into an attack upon the common enemy. The restoration of the POPE by French arms would gratify the vanity of many Frenchmen, and, supposing Germany to offer no opposition to the design, it would be as inexpensive a mode of reasserting the "legitimate influence" of France in Europe as any that could be suggested. That the German Government would offer no opposition seems far from improbable. They have no cause to love the Revolution, and the EMPEROR in particular has always shown himself friendly to the POPE. The superiority of Germany to France has been too conclusively established to leave room for jealousy of any petty success, whether in diplomacy or arms, which the latter may achieve, and Prince BISMARCK might even calculate that the relations between the two countries would be improved by the application of such a salve to French irritation. Another Papal restoration—to be inevitably followed at the next turn of the European wheel by another Papal deposition—would be as unsatisfactory a settlement of the Roman question as can well be imagined. Unfortunately it is not for that reason the less likely to be the one resorted to.

It is not often that we find ourselves agreeing with PIUS IX., but on the character of the securities offered by the Italian Government there is an exceptional coincidence between our views and his. Any guarantees that Italy can offer to the POPE must be of the nature of Parliamentary guarantees, and it is the essential vice of Parliamentary guarantees that they are only valuable so long as their framers continue in the same mind. Supposing that the POPE were to accept the offers of the Italian statesmen, what security would he have that they would not be withdrawn after acceptance? For the present, no doubt, the Cabinet which devised them is strong enough in Parliament to preclude all danger of this happening. But the Bill has encountered considerable opposition, and in some future Session this opposition may find itself in a position to give effect to its policy by a repeal of the laws in which the guarantees of Papal independence would be embodied. What remedy would the POPE have in such a case as this? He might protest, but the answer to his remonstrances would be that no legislative assembly can bind its successors; and the sole use of guarantees of this sort is the creation of a bond that shall bind future Italian Governments, as well as the present. The only way in which this object can be attained is by the removal of the question of Papal independence from the region of Parliamentary discussion into the region of international arrangement. In themselves the securities proposed by the Italian Government seem sufficiently efficacious, and if, instead of being thrown into the form of a Bill, they were made the subject of a treaty between Italy and such other Powers as are interested in the matter, the POPE would have some solid assurance of their being maintained after the anxiety to maintain them has passed away. It would not of course be an absolute assurance, because treaties may be broken. But it would at all events be a more substantial assurance than the precarious sovereignty which, so far as this world goes, is all that has been his for the last twenty years.

A WORD ABOUT LONDON.

THE *Economist* may claim the credit of having furnished Mr. BRUCE with some wholly new reasons for leaving London without a government. In its article, "A Word for London," our contemporary has boldly taken the bulk by the horns. It has discovered or created a "grand speciality" for London—the speciality, namely, that in London authority, being invisible and impalpable, "is exempt from that destructive criticism which in our days brings every kind of power successively into contempt." The value of this exemption depends on the price at which it is purchased, and in this respect the *Economist* seems to have been led into error by the grandeur of its own epithets. There is something imposing in the notion of a London Vestry exercising an invisible and impalpable authority; but is it quite certain that the mysterious action thus described has any title to be called authority? If London were tolerably well administered as regards the moral and physical welfare of its inhabitants, there would be no objection to making the absence of any one to abuse a ground for dispensing with a more systematic organization. Given that the Vestries do their work, it may conceivably be a gain to be spared the noise and friction which might accompany the exercise of similar powers by a more conspicuous body. But what if the characteristics on which the *Economist* dwells with so much satisfaction are mere negations? What if in London authority is invisible and impalpable simply because it has no existence? This seems to us to be a far truer account of the government of London than that given by our contemporary. When we read that "so far as it is possible to perceive, her rulers have solved the vexed problem of controlling huge and concentrated masses of the population without severe discipline, of preserving health without tyranny, and of regulating public morals without incessant interference or collision," we find a difficulty in recognising the picture so presented to us. "So far as it is possible to perceive," the "huge and concentrated masses" in question are not controlled, health is not preserved, and public morals are not regulated. We do not mean to imply that London is the theatre of periodical insurrection, or, except occasionally, of devouring pestilence. But we deny that it owes its immunity from these extraordinary calamities to any action, visible or invisible, taken by its rulers. The population of London is in the main orderly; the situation of the city, the absence of manufactures, and the extent to which the inhabitants are recruited from without, ensure a comparatively low death-rate. As to the state of public morals, there may be Continental towns, or parts of towns, in which vice is more unblushing than it ordinarily is in London. In Hamburg, we believe, there are streets in which prostitutes preserve even less secrecy as to their trade than is customary in the Haymarket; in Naples, books and photographs surpassing anything found in Holywell Street are publicly exposed for sale. But, putting these exceptional instances aside, it may be doubted whether the morals of London could have been perceptibly worse if her "rulers," instead of solving the "vexed problem" of regulating them without incessant interference, had simply left it alone. What, again, has been the part played by authority in London as regards the small-pox? It has been invisible and impalpable certainly, but unfortunately it has been inefficacious as well. A good municipal government would have made vaccination universal, except in the case of the isolated fanatics who are permitted to defy the law at their pleasure; and it would have secured the isolation of patients, and the disinfection of clothes and rooms. As it is, not one of these objects has been attained, except in the most imperfect and elementary manner. The local authorities are not always to blame for their neglect. Their powers are so ill defined, the arrangement of the areas over which their jurisdiction extends is so ill adapted for any sustained warfare against disease, there is so little concert between one district and another, and such an entire absence of superior guidance or control, that it would be wonderful if they had succeeded any better. But though they ought not to be blamed for what is scarcely their own fault, they need not be praised for merits which exist only in imagination. In point of fact, whenever it becomes absolutely necessary to do anything in London, a special instrument has to be created for the work. The Metropolitan Board of Works was called into being in this way. London had to be drained, and it was then for the first time discovered that there was nobody to drain it. Under an invisible and impalpable authority, the sewage had visibly and palpably been left to flow into the Thames, and before the mechanical problem

how to get rid of it could be approached, it was necessary to deal with the municipal problem, who should control the contracts and pay the engineers. To us this system seems the reverse of expansive—"almost unlimited expansiveness" being one great merit, according to the *Economist*, of the present negation of government. The true idea of an expansive authority involves a power of dealing with new needs by existing machinery. In London, a new need has to be dealt with by new machinery, or, if this is less the case than it was formerly, it is only because the Metropolitan Board of Works has gradually assumed some of the functions of a municipality, and thus deprived London of that anarchical eccentricity which we are asked to admire.

Nor is it true as regards the police of London that "there is no centre upon which hatred can fix." At least, it may be true in the letter, but it is not true in the spirit. There is no centre in London, but the result of its absence is that hatred, when it is felt, fixes itself upon the Government of the country instead of on the government of the municipality. This has been found a disadvantage before now, and it may easily be found a disadvantage again. In the case of the Hyde Park riots, for example, it was the want of a municipal government that brought so much needless trouble and unpopularity upon the Ministry of the day. The question ought never to have taken a political aspect, but when it had to be handled by a political authority, it was hardly possible for it to take any other. If the Home Secretary forbids, or omits to forbid, a procession or a public meeting, the act is sure to be set down to dislike or approval of the object which the procession or the meeting is intended to further. If the municipal authority forbids or sanctions, it is assumed that it acts from no other motive than consideration for the public convenience. It would be an immense benefit to London at this moment if Hyde Park were under municipal control. There would be no difficulty then in having it kept clear from Sunday demonstrations, and reserved, as at present it is not, for the recreation and amusement of Londoners. It is not the administration of the police alone that makes the Home Office a centre of ridicule, if not of hatred. The cab question is another striking instance of the same process. Why has this been settled without difficulty in every other large town, while it defies treatment in London? Chiefly because in other towns there is some one whose business it is to settle it, while in London it is left to the chance consideration of a Home Secretary's secretary. Surely it is a misfortune that, besides the blunders which a Minister must necessarily run the risk of making, he should incur the additional risks which are incidental to the administration of a great capital, with the concerns of which he has no special acquaintance.

The ease with which the new districts that are yearly added to London are supplied with food, light, and water is quoted by the *Economist* as another proof of the position it seeks to establish. It is singular that the inclusion of food in this list should not have betrayed the fallacy to its authors. Where is the invisible authority which secures that each new street shall be visited, as soon as it is inhabited, by all the butchers and bakers it requires? The supply of water and gas is just as much the result of private enterprise as the supply of meat and bread. They are to be had in the suburbs of London because the machinery which distributes them is ready to hand, and there is sufficient demand to make it answer to extend it. Exactly the same thing happens in the neighbourhood of Aldershot Camp, but we are not aware that any invisible authority is at work there. It is one great evil of the present want of Government in London that many things are left to private enterprise which could be better done by corporate action. A municipality could organize the supply of water, for example, on a more complete scale and at a cheaper rate than any number of competing companies, and though provisions must continue to be collected and distributed by the energy of individual tradesmen, a municipality might give to Western London the public markets it so much wants. London, outside the city proper, is not an organism, it is simply a collection of elements waiting to be organized. Various causes have co-operated in making this condition of affairs more endurable than might have been expected; but it is hard to have the casual alleviations of our discomfort adduced as evidence that there is no discomfort to be alleviated.

LOVE OF CHILDREN.

Of all the qualities for which a human being can be admired, perhaps there is none that strikes us as more thoroughly amiable than a love of children. If it were possible to construct a

moral saccharometer for measuring the degree of inherent sweetness in a man's nature, we should probably discover that it varied almost directly as the sympathy which he felt for very young infants. Human beings have—fortunately or unfortunately, as the case may be—developed no peculiarity more decisively as civilization advances than a power of concealing their feelings. Bitter experience has taught them to be scrupulously reticent in the matter of infants. Were it not for that circumstance, we might obtain a very fair estimate of the amiable propensities existing in various persons by presenting to them a baby under six months old, and observing how they were affected by it. The most sensitive would have their benevolent affections raised to boiling-point, whilst the more stolid would sink far below zero. And yet, admitting this as a fact of experience, we may perhaps ask without offence whether there is any justification for the sentiment on grounds of pure reason. Why should we be called upon to love a small lump of fat and gristle with an infinitesimal infusion of soul rather than a fully developed human being? Some people might answer that a child is more innocent than a grown-up man. In one sense of the word this is undoubtedly true, but it is the sense in which innocence ceases to be a recommendation. We do not admire an idiot because he has not maintained any theories destructive of all genuine religion, or even a rich man because he has not shown any marked propensity to steal. Innocence is good in so far as it implies a resolute resistance to temptation; but if the innocent person is altogether beyond the reach of any temptation, he so far ceases to be interesting. A baby has not shown a marked propensity for spirituous liquors; but then it has been reduced to a Hobson's choice in regard to its consumption of food; it has not displayed homicidal tendencies, but it has abstained from committing murder for the best of all possible reasons. To love any one for a pure negative, for not being malevolent when he or she is equally free from benevolence, seems to imply a palpably erroneous inference. And therefore, so far as the sentiment is to be estimated by its accordance with reason, the baby-hater would seem to have just as good a justification as the baby-lover, and the only sensible frame of mind would appear to be a complete indifference to these rough draughts of humanity. We should wait till the features become more pronounced, and till we can tell whether the soft mass of breathing and moving flesh and blood is more likely to develop into a Nero or a St. Paul.

Another form of the argument is, that we ought to be more affected by the sight of infant suffering. That we are in fact more easily moved is undeniable; the sight of a starving child, or even of a child afflicted by some purely trifling sorrow, is undoubtedly more affecting than that of a grown-up man suffering under far more serious calamity. And yet again we must ask whether this sentiment can be justified in cold blood? A child, it is said, has done nothing to deserve the agonies of hunger under which it is suffering. But who can say whether a grown-up man deserves the pain a bit more fully? Take an unlucky pauper, gradually sinking under ill-treatment till he becomes the subject of a sensation paragraph in the newspapers. Why should we care for him less than for one of the wretched infants which are gradually put out of the way in a baby-farming establishment? He deserves it, it may be said; but how? Was he ever brought up to understand the duty he owes to mankind? Was he ever brought up to be industrious, or prudent, or independent? So far as we can tell, he is the victim of external circumstances just as much as the helpless infant which perishes before it has had the opportunities of learning which have never come to its elders. Why should we be less moved when the tragedy has been protracted over sixty years, instead of being acted within a tenth part of the same number of months? If anything, our sympathies should be due rather to the victim of defective social arrangements who has suffered longest and been most fully conscious of his misery. Yet, as a fact, most people would feel far more deeply moved, and we should generally admit that they ought to be more deeply moved, by the story of tortures inflicted upon helpless infants than by that of much greater tortures inflicted upon adults who in all but name are equally helpless for all practical purposes. If it is amiable to feel more strongly in proportion to the degree in which a sufferer is incapable of sharing our thoughts and responsibilities, why should we draw the line at infants? The range which we give to our sympathies seems to be strangely capricious. Sensible people are fond of a child as soon as it begins to talk intelligibly, but do not care much for children who are below or much above that limit. A boy of ten or eleven is a noxious being in the eyes of many who are profoundly affected by the sight of a child just able to totter about on uncertain limbs. More amiable people go a little further, and are fond even of an infant in arms; but then, for the most part, they draw a hard and fast line between children and monkeys. Why, if we are profoundly touched by the pretty attempts of a child to imitate grown-up people, by the

Fragments of his dream of human life,
Shaped by himself with newly-learned art,
should we be simply disgusted when our poor relations try to do the same thing? A monkey, with a grotesque appearance of being little lower than a negro, fills many benevolent people with intense repugnance; the infant, who has yet developed scarcely any faculties that it does not possess in common with the lower animals, affects them to tears by similar indications of nascent intellect. Sympathy does not seem to increase in any intelligible ratio to the resemblance of its object to ourselves. We are delighted with a baby because it is like us; we are disgusted

with a monkey because it is like us in a slightly inferior degree; and we are pleased again with a dog because it shows some traces of an intellect such as our own, though at a still more remote distance. How are we to discover a formula which will account for these vagaries of feeling, and show why the successive terms of a continuous series produce alternately loathing and delight?

We might possibly, if it were worth while, suggest some reasons for the phenomenon; but there is at least one which will scarcely bear inspection. We are not biased by the intrinsic merits of the animal. Lord Palmerston produced much scandal and a good deal of amusement by promulgating the heretical theory that all people are born good. Without discussing the theological bearings of this doctrine, we may at least say that it will hardly bear inspection from a scientific point of view. Rudimentary vices are as conspicuous in little children as rudimentary virtues. Let anybody observe candidly a child of two or three years old. There is scarcely any defect which it would not be possible for an unprejudiced person to discover. Such a child may be benevolent, courageous, and conscientious according to its little lights. But certainly it is also very apt to be sensual, selfish, and spiteful, and to show these qualities with a frankness which generally disappears in later life. It is greedy without blushing; it will appropriate the belongings of its little brothers and sisters with the utmost coolness; and it will tell lies as soon as it begins to discover what is the use of language. Painters generally please themselves by portraying infant saints and martyrs; but, if they were anxious to indulge in realistic representations, they would have no trouble in finding models for infant Judases, Cains, or Sapphires. We generally excuse the misdeeds on the ground that our infant darlings know no better; but, if we insisted on strict impartiality, the same argument would take all the merit out of their virtues. Children, indeed, sometimes develop the failings of an advanced civilization with a precocity which is rather amusing. Thackeray, than whom nobody was a greater lover of children, somewhere relates an instructive anecdote. Half-a-dozen children are playing with a puppy, and manufacturing mud-pies. To them enters a companion, and exclaims, "Mary Jane, your sister has found a penny." Straightway the puppy is put down as if it were so much dross, the mudpies are abandoned, and the little band of courtiers gathers round the infant millionaire and accompanies her to the apple-stall. Were not these infants in course of preparation—if only the Fates were propitious—to appear in some future Book of Snobs?

In spite of all which, we may safely return to the proposition that, whatever logical justification may or may not be discovered, a love of small children is a very great test of a really amiable character. People who confess to a certain sympathy with Herod may produce a considerable body of argument in defence of their infanticidal propensities; but we cannot admit that they are in the right of the question. The doctrine, in fact, which lies at the base of their reasoning may be easily met. We have, in fact, been arguing on the hypothesis that we ought to love the most virtuous people the best. If that theory be admitted without qualification, it would be very hard to make out a case on behalf of infants. We need not, however, look twice to discover the fallacy of the argument. It was by assuming the truth of this proposition that certain philosophers of the last century discovered that the family affections ought to be put down as anti-social. Why, they inquired, should we love our brother merely because he happens to be the son of our father and mother, though he may be an unmitigated scamp? The consequences of admitting this doctrine are obvious. We should all prefer the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Prime Minister, and the Lord Chancellor, who, as need hardly be argued, must be the most perfect specimens of humanity extant, to any of our own relations. No family could hold together if a father was always more occupied with the prosperity of those officials than with the welfare of his children. The parental instinct, which in its unattached form is the basis of a love of children in general, is to be encouraged, not because it is reasonable, but because it is the most essential of all instincts to a healthy condition of society. A philoprogenitive race will, on the whole, bring up the best generation of successors, and philoprogenitiveness implies that general taste for all infants which to bachelors and cynical persons generally sometimes appears decidedly anomalous. Admitting the propriety of the feeling as society is at present constituted, perhaps we may be allowed an occasional passing regret that boys are not differently managed. Mr. Darwin speculates upon the consequences which would ensue if human societies were armed on the plan of beehives. In that case, he thinks it probable that fratricide would be considered as a virtue. When such Utopian theories are under discussion, we may ask whether it would not have been as well if the dreams of these philosophers had been carried out, and each nation provided with a common nursery. When one looks upon a baby in a purely philosophical spirit; when one considers the very minute indications of reasoning faculty of which it is capable; when one proceeds to remark the instincts which mothers, aunts, and women in general are accustomed to testify on some vague imitation of reasonable behaviour, one cannot repress a momentary regret that so much good affection should be discharged upon an insensible object. Is it, one asks with some surprise, a subject for legitimate exultation that a minute fragment of humanity should have learnt the lesson which thousands of millions of human beings have learnt

before it, and be just able to stick two syllables together? or is the fact that an infant is gradually learning to exercise some sort of control over the motions of its limbs to be regarded by sensible people in the light of an unprecedented phenomenon? Surely there are people enough in the world who, if weighed in any sensible balance, are at least as deserving of affection and would be infinitely more capable of appreciating and returning it. But we feel the danger of pursuing this vein of thought. We have no desire to shock prosaic persons without necessity, and we therefore freely avow as our profound and immovable opinion, that, as things are at present constituted—and we can see no reason whatever for supposing that any material change is likely to take place within any conceivable period—mothers ought to love their children. Indeed, we go further; we admit that a man is the better in proportion as he retains certain feminine instincts and has something of his mother in his character; and, that being so, we will venture to argue that a love of children is generally a harmless and even a laudable instinct. Carried to excess, it is perhaps rather inconsistent with patriotism or cosmopolitanism, and we observe that universal philanthropists—who, of course, are the best of men—are apt to be slightly callous upon this point. But for the mass of mankind we have no hesitation in admitting that those who love children the most must be reckoned amongst the most exemplary of the species.

THE BRITISH SIGHTSEER'S OPPORTUNITY.

SENSATIONAL spectacle has culminated in the city of its predilection, and future generations of Parisians will task themselves in vain to outdo the sinister effects of 1871. Revolution in France is periodical, and, in the frequency of its irregular recurrence, lends itself to some such calculations as those which forecast the reappearance of comets. But it is not every day that anarchy has a chance of holding the capital at its absolute discretion, or that basled license and terror find leisure deliberately to organize a malignant orgy of despair. Moreover, when you have once destroyed those national memorials which are hallowed by association and long tradition, which link the vigour of a nation with the weak beginnings of its infancy, you rob your successors for at least six hundred years of the gratification of perpetrating a similar outrage on the hearts and feelings of their countrymen. If these Eratostrati of the Commune had set their torches discriminately to the glories of Haussmann and the lower Empire, Europe could have borne it, as she bears the wholesale destruction of property and capital that will send France begging over the European bourses. It would be deplorable, doubtless, as is a general conflagration of bonded warehouses; but, after all, accidents of the sort must be looked for in the nature of things. When they occur on a stupendous scale, they demand the greater sacrifice and effort to remedy them, and all is said. But if the next municipal loan will give us back the *Grénières d'Abondance*, the Tuileries are vanished once and for ever, and our art has lost the secret of such gems of municipal architecture as the *Hôtel de Ville*. We think and write of the buildings first, for the sentiment that comes instinctively uppermost is lamentation over the irreparable. But when humanity has time to recollect itself, it turns shuddering from the shattered shells of world-famed edifices, from the charred heaps of venerable oak-beams and mediæval sculpture, to the sinister splashes on the bullet-dented walls, and the ugly streams of gore that have gone meandering down the pavements; to the unsightly trenches that seam the turf of suburban parks, where hecatombs of human beings have been hurled in headlong; nay, to the graveyards improvised in the city under the paving-stones of the Square of the Arts and Métiers, and by St. Jacques, now literally of the *boucherie*. It is shocking truly, but Paris has triumphantly asserted its reputation for spectacle. The conflagrations have far surpassed the finest pyrotechnic effects of the *feuilles* of the burned Châtelet, and, thanks to the atrocities of the gentlemen of the Commune, and the red-handed retribution wreaked on them, three-fourths of the city are an Aceldama ten thousand times more ghastly than the plain of Pantin, immortalized by Tropmann. The attractions offered to the sightseer are unparalleled, and in the pride of her meretricious beauty Imperial Lutetia was never so seductive as she would seem to be at this moment to the cultivated and humane taste of the age. The horrible, the revolting, the ghastly, the heartrending, all conspire to shock the eye and wring the feelings. Anticipation has done its work. Access to the spectacle was denied until excitement had reached its height, and impatient expectation was standing on tiptoe. All we knew was, that Pandemonium had broken loose on the familiar stage, while, through the rolling vapour and flames of the pit, sounded faintly the clanking of the chains of the emancipated demons. Gradually the clouds of smoke and sulphur dissipated themselves, and the sullen silence of death succeeded to the horrible discord. Versailles had vindicated itself, the Powers of Order were again in the ascendant, and the public safety was assured. The excitement among spectators struggling to force the doors of the spectacle grew more intense. Hour by hour, and day by day, they kicked and squeezed and hooted, like the crowd in the *queue* at the corridor of a popular theatre. In vain; only those provided with special passes by the managers of the entertainment obtained stealthy admission, and the happiness of these more favoured ones wrought up the disappointed to frenzy. At length persevering clamour was

silenced by concession of its claims. The doors were thrown open, and the promiscuous public were permitted to fortify themselves with tickets in the shape of passports. The public came with a rush. The very day after the embargo was removed, the streets of the wrecked capital were "crowded with sightseers." Already five trains per diem are running from Brussels, while the railway of the North promptly re-established communications with England, and has had to go on providing extra carriages for each departure.

Perhaps this is just what might have been looked for, considering the character of the dramae and of the literature which achieve the greatest success. It is the enterprising manager who does the most in the way of scandalizing ordinary susceptibilities that contrives to steer clear of the Bankruptcy Court, and sees his house crammed to the ceiling. It is the author who prostitutes his art most successfully to dalliance with disgusting crime that reads the signs of his popularity at every bookstall, in the cheap, yellow volumes that flaunt him in the face. When Tropmann's murdered victims were unearthed at Pantin, all Western Paris made its pilgrimage to those squallid Eastern regions which it scarcely knew by name. Nor are we much better over here in England. We can scarcely throw stones at our neighbours with any sort of grace. Perhaps our upper classes do not so generally seek the gratification of their aesthetic tastes in spots newly profaned by human passion in its foulest and most degraded shape. But it was only the other day that our "intelligent" masses greeted the Eltham murder as a godsend, consecrated their happy annual holiday to gloating over its details, and sucked their oranges and drank their ginger-beer among the fresh traces of the crime. Accordingly, when historical horrors have just been perpetrated on an unexampled scale, no wonder they should excite the enthusiasm of amateurs of the sensational, and invite a concourse of cosmopolitan sightseers. Nothing could be more fortunate than the season of the year; so many people were disposed towards the brief spring outing that might carry them on towards the autumn holiday. To be sure, the weather has proved persistently unpropitious. It almost seemed as if grim skies and steady East winds in June were sent as a sign to denounce the enjoyment of the thousands on the score of morality and taste. But, after all, so long as it was but dry, the weather was comparatively unimportant. With so much that was agreeable around you, with the objects of pleasant interest you stumbled on at every turn, it was easy to become comparatively indifferent to external influences. Perhaps the main fascination lay in the fact that the ruin was wrought in the home of our next-door neighbours; we had seen them so often, we knew their habits so well, and could so vividly picture their sufferings. If half London were laid in ashes slaked in blood, the luxury of witnessing another's agony could hardly be more life-like. Take, for instance, those fallen houses in the Rue Royale. Only the other day, when last in Paris, you remember lurching in the café that used to stand at number so-and-so on the ground floor. You see its site now marked by that calcined slab of marble with the half-fused metal letter. Since then, the agreeable gentleman who sat at the next table, and with whom you exchanged courtesies and journals, has risen in the firmament of the Commune as a shooting star, to blaze malignantly for a time, and then set in disgrace and darkness. The sleek host, who welcomed you with the blandest of smiles, and naturally belonged to the Party of Order, suppressed himself in his cellars with madame and the children, pending events, where the whole family found a burning tomb on the premises. As for the volatile waiter who counselled you so good-naturedly over the *carte*, he joined the ranks of the insurgents, partly from coercion, partly because he found his occupation gone, and was shot down, and left to wriggle out his life in agony behind the barricade of the Place Vendôme. Two doors further down was the milliner's on the first floor, where, as you recollect, on that occasion you bought a bonnet for your wife. The pretty girl who lured you into greater extravagance than you intended, by trying it on so bewitchingly, lies at this moment, like monsieur of the café and a dozen of her fellow-workwomen with her, beneath these blackened heaps of débris. That you know for a fact, for the innocent vivacity of the Frenchwoman who stands beside you overflows in garrulous confidences, and she is confirmed by a respectable bourgeois, who adds that he knew the unlucky Madame Chose well, and in the lightness of his spirits volunteers the additional information that his own apartment, just round the corner, has escaped entirely by a miracle. What sensation drama can touch the facile realism of the scene before you? It requires no very great effort of imagination to lay bare the human cinders that these labouring sapeurs-pompiers may disinter at any moment. Your new lady acquaintance, indeed, whose fancy comes lightly to her call in the excited state of her nerves, announces with a shriek that she has caught a glimpse of an arm, and actually soils her neat boot and the skirts of her embroidered petticoat in her anxiety to peer forward. The same sights are to be found repeated over the length and breadth of Paris; or sights not a whit less horrible. Everywhere about you see dismal figures in black, gliding about the scenes of vanished happiness, or on the dismal errand of picking up particulars about the corpses of their missing families. The light remarks and pleasant interest of the sightseers must fall like balm on their wounded spirits. Or if you care to go to Belleville or La Villette, you pass through panic-stricken, sorrow-stricken groups; red-eyed, pale-faced women look out on you from every doorway. Their husbands, brothers, sons, have been shot in gangs like dogs, and are now being tracked like wolves. Or

they are confined in the mud of Satory, with the certainty before them of perpetual exile to the swamps of Cayenne or to New Caledonia. Great criminals they were, very likely; some of them the ring-leaders of the Commune or the eager instruments of its crimes, and fully meriting their fate. Their sweeping punishment may have been an act of simple justice to society, but at all events it was a terrible necessity. And delicate-minded people do not, as a rule, follow on the trail of the hangman; still less do they seek out, for the gratification of an idle curiosity, the dens which his halter has left desolate. Then in the debatable ground, between the Paris of the rich and the Paris of the proletariat, how many innocents must have perished in the massacre! how many culprits must have been visited with punishments far beyond their deserts! How many women of the Party of Order must be weeping at this moment over missing relatives, ignorant whether they have fallen victims to the vengeance of the Commune, or to the suspicions of the avengers! Pleasant it must be for them to feel themselves the objects of curious looks and heartless remarks, as, in search of the solution of their despairing doubts, they thread the mob of the sightseers.

Of course there are points that offer exceptional attractions to visitors, and the exhaustive letters of Our Correspondents have provided them with a convenient itinerary. We have spoken of the Square of the Arts and Métiers. There the bodies may be felt, if not seen, as they lie with only the thickness of a paving-stone between them and the air they were breathing but the other day. Fortunate indeed for the sightseer that all Paris was not laid down in asphalt, so as to render such a hideous mockery of burial impossible. It is a pleasant expedition from the hotel by the Boulevard Malesherbes to the Park of Monceaux. We remember the rare shrubberies so carefully tended, and the fresh turf where industrious irrigators were always busy. There you enjoy all the charms of contrast, in looking at the past and comparing it with the present. The shrubberies had become a shambles. The grass has of late been as regularly sprinkled with blood as ever it was with water, and the new-turned mounds swell over death-pits spacious as that historical one of our London Plague, which long made Bunhill Fields a name of ill omen. And the sightseers owe the Commune a debt of gratitude for selecting the heights of Père-la-Chaise for their latest fortress. It is only a pity the insurgents did not stand longer to their guns, and invite a heavier bombardment from the hostile batteries. But, as it was, the strangers earliest in the field might feast their eyes on the disturbed economy of the interior of many a family vault, and please themselves with tracing the effects of the shells that disintombed the dead in a premature resurrection. In short, you cannot very well go wrong; and Paris, a Pandemonium the other day, is all at once become a Paradise—for those who like it. Dust and mud, disappearance of *trottoirs* and disturbance of paving-stones, are drawbacks of course. But you cannot have everything in the world that saw the rise and fall of the Commune; and if you do go holiday-making among ruined homes, you must submit to a faint reflection of the inconveniences suffered by their recent occupants. In common fairness the fortunate sightseer, whose tastes are so creditable to British humanity and civilization, can hardly grumble at paying a penalty so slight for an enjoyment so thrilling.

VIRGIL'S AENEAS.

IN the revival, side by side, of Homeric and Virgilian study, it is easy to see the reflection of the two currents of contrasted sentiment which are telling on the world around us. The cry for simpler living and simpler thinking, the revolt against the social and intellectual perplexities in which modern life loses its direct and intensest joys, the craving for a world untroubled by the problems that press upon us, express themselves as vividly in poems like the *Earthly Paradise* as in the return to the Iliad. The charm of Virgil, on the other hand, lies in the strange fidelity with which, across so many ages, he echoes those complex thoughts which make the life of our own. Virgil is the Tennyson of the older world; his power, like that of the Laureate, lies in the sympathy with which he reflects the strength and weakness of his time, its humanity, its new sense of human brotherhood, its pitifulness, its moral earnestness, its high conception of the purpose of life and the dignity of man, its attitude of curious but condescending interest towards the past, its vast dreams of a future embodied by the one poet in the enduring greatness of Rome, by the other in the vague dreamland of Locksley Hall. In both, too, sadder undertones mingle with this pride in man, this faith in his destinies—undertones of bewilderment and doubt, religious scepticism, a half-hinted "vanitas vanitatum." It is in the hero of the Idylls, and not in the hero of the Iliad, that we find the key to the character of Aeneas. So far is Virgil from being the mere imitator of Homer, that in spite of his close and loving study of the older poem, its temper seems to have roused him only to poetic protest. He recoils from the vast personality of Achilleus, from that incarnate "wrath," heedless of divine purposes, measuring itself boldly with the gods, careless as a god of the fate and fortunes of men. In the face of this destroyer the Roman poet sets a founder of cities and peoples, self-forgetful, patient, loyal to a divine aim, calm with a Roman calmness, yet touched as no Roman had yet been touched with pity and tenderness for the sorrows of men. The one poem is a song of passion, a mighty triumph of the individual

man, a pean of human energy in defiant isolation. The other is the epic of social order, of a divine law manifesting itself in the fortunes of the world, of the bonds that link man to his fellow-man, a song of duty, of self-sacrifice, of reverence, of "piety." It is in realizing the temper of the poem that we realize the temper of its hero. *Æneas* is the Arthur of the Virgilian epic, with the same absorption of all individuality in the nobleness of his purpose, the same undertone of melancholy, the same unearthen vagueness of outline and remoteness from the common interests and passions of men. As the poet of our day has embodied his ideal of manhood in the King, Virgil has embodied it in the hero-founder of his race. The virtues of the Homeric combatants are there—courage, endurance, wisdom in council, eloquence, chivalrous friendship, family affection, faith to plighted word. But with them mingle virtues unknown to Hector or Achilleus—temperance, self-control, nobleness and unselfishness of aim, loyalty to an inner sense of right, the "piety" of self-devotion and self-sacrifice, refinement of feeling, a pure and delicate sense of the sweetness of woman's love, pity for the fallen and the weak. In a word, *Æneas* is the highest conception of human character to which the old world ever attained. But to the poet himself we can hardly doubt that his hero was something more direct and practical than this. None of the Roman singers is so penetrated with the sense of Rome. To him the rule of Augustus was at once an end and a beginning, a close of the long series of struggles that had fitted Rome to be the mistress of the world, an opening of her new and mightier career as a ruler and reconciler of the nations. Again and again his song is broken by Divine prophecies of Roman greatness, of the work the city was to do in warring down the rebels against her universal sway, in showing clemency to the conquered, in reconciling hostile peoples, in ruling with peace and justice the world of a new civilization, in welding the nations together into a new human race. Nowhere does his song rise to a higher grandeur than when he sings the destinies of Rome, the majesty of her all-embracing empire, the long peace of the world beneath her sway. But in the very forefront of this dream of the future he sets the ideal of the new Roman by whom this mighty task should be wrought, the picture of one who by self-mastery had learnt to be master of men.

The story of *Æneas* is kept throughout in strict subordination to this thought of Rome. The mood of Virgil seems constantly to be fluctuating between a pathetic sense of the toils and self-devotion, the suffering and woe, that run through his national history, and the final greatness which they bought. His poem draws both these impressions together in the figure of *Æneas*. He is the representative of that "piety," that faith in his race and its destiny, which had drawn the Roman from his little settlement on the hills beside Tiber to the vast empire "beyond the Garymantians and the Indians." All the endurance, the suffering, the patriotism, the self-devotion of generation after generation, is incarnate in him. It is by his mouth that in the darkest hours of national trial Roman seems to say to Roman, "O! passi graviora, dabit Deus his quoque finem." It is to this "end" that the wanderings of *Æneas*, like the labours of consul and dictator, inevitably tend. It is the firm faith in such a close that gives its peculiar character to the pathos of the *Æneid*. Rome is before us throughout, "per tot discrimina rerum tendimus in Latium." It is not as a mere tale of romance that we follow the wanderings of "the man who first came from Trojan shores to Italy." They are the sacrifice by which the father of the Roman race wrought out the greatness of his people, the toils he endured "dum conderet urbem." The sufferings he bears are to be the joy of generations to come, "forsan et haec olim meminisse juvabit." "Italianum quero patriam" is the key-note of the *Æneid*, but the Quest is no self-sought quest of his own. "Italianum non sponte sequor," he pleads, as Dido turns from him in the Elysian Fields with eyes of speechless reproach. He is the chosen instrument of a Divine purpose working out its ends alike across his own buffetings from shore to shore or the love-tortures of the Phoenician Queen. The memorable words that he addresses to Dares are in fact the faith of his own career. "Cede Deo," "bend before a will higher as well as stronger than thine own." But it is in this very submission to the Divine order that he himself soars into greatness. The figure of the warrior who is so insignificant in the Homeric story of the fight around Troy becomes that of a hero in the horror of its capture. He comes before us the survivor of an immense fall, sad with the sadness of lost home and slaughtered friends, not even suffered to fall amidst the wreck, but driven forth by voices of the fates to new toils and a distant glory. He may not die; his "moriamur" is answered by the reiterated "Depart" of the gods, the "heu, fuge!" of the shade of Hector. The vision of the great circle of the gods fighting against Troy drives him forth in despair to a life of exile. The carelessness of despair is over him as he drifts from land to land; "Sail where you will," he cries to his pilot, "one land is as good as another now Troy is gone." More and more he recognises himself as the agent of a Divine purpose, but all personal joy in life has fled. Like Dante, he feels the bitterness of exile, how hard it is to climb another's stairs, how bitter to eat another's bread. Here and there he meets waifs and strays of the great wreck, fugitives like himself, but who have found a refuge and a new Troy on foreign shores. He greets them, but he may not stay. At last the very gods themselves seem to have given him the passionate love of Dido, but again the fatal "Depart" tears him from her arms. The chivalrous love of Pallas casts for a moment its light and glory round his life, but the light

and glory sink into gloom again beneath the spear of Turnus. He is left alone with his destiny to the very end, but it is a destiny that has grown into a passion, absorbing the very life of man—

Italianum magnam Grynæus Apollo,
Italian Lycis jussere capessere sortes:
Hic amor, haec patria est.

The real nature of *Æneas* stands out in strange contrast to the loneliness of his purpose and career. Achilleus in the Homeric picture sits solitary in his tent, bound as it were to the affections of earth by the one tie of his friendship for Patroclus. No figure has ever been painted by a poet's pen more terrible in the loneliness of its wrath, its sorrow, its revenge. But Virgil has surrounded *Æneas* with the ties and affections of home. In the awful night with which his story opens, the loss of Creusa, the mocking embrace in which the lost wife flies from his arms, form his farewell to Troy. "Thrice strove I there to clasp my arms about her neck"—every schoolboy knows the famous lines:—

Thrice I essayed her neck to clasp,
Thrice the vain semblance mocked my grasp,
As wind or slumber light.

Amid all the terror of the flight the figure of his child star's out bright against the darkness, touched with a tenderness which Virgil seems to reserve for his child-pictures:—

Dextra se parvus Iulus
Implicitum, sequiturque patrem non possibus requiri.

"His steps scarce matching with my stride." Mr. Conington's translation hardly renders the fond little touch of the Virgilian phrase, a phrase only possible to a lover of children. But the whole escape is the escape of a family. Not merely child and wife, but father and household, accompany *Æneas*. Life, he tells them, when they bid him leave them to their fate, is worthless without them:—

Now, whether fortune smiles or lowers,
One risk, one safety shall be ours.

And the "commune periculum, una salus" runs throughout all his wanderings. The common love of his boy is one of the bonds that link Dido with *Æneas*, and a yet more exquisite touch of poetic tenderness makes his affection for Ascanius the one final motive for his severance from the Queen. Not merely the will of the gods drives him from Carthage, but the sense of the wrong done to his child:—

Me puer Ascanius, capitisque injuria cari,
Quem regno Hesperia fraude et fatalibus arvis.

His friendship is as warm and constant as his love for father or child. At the two great crises of his life, the thought of Hector stirs a new outpouring of passionate regret. It is the vision of Hector which rouses him from the slumber of the terrible night when Troy was taken; no vision of the hero glorified by death, but as the memory of that last pitiful sight of the corse dragged at the chariot wheels of Achilleus had stamped it for ever on the mind of his friend. It is as though all recollection of his greatness had been blotted out by the shame and terror of his fall, "quantum mutatus ab illo Iactore!" But the gory hair and the mangled form only quicken the passionate longing of his friend:—

Quibus Hector ab oris
Expectate venis?

The tears, the "mighty groan," burst forth again as in the tapestry of the Sidonian temple he sees pictured anew the story of Hector's fall:—

Ut spolia, ut curru, utque ipsum corpus amici.

In the hour of his last combat the thought of his brother in arms again returns to him, and the memory of his "uncle Hector" is the spur to nobleness and valour which he bequeaths to his boy. The chivalrous affection of Pallas brightens the close of his toils, and the words with which the poem all but ends, "Pallas a hoc vulnere, Pallas immolat," show how anxious the poet was to impress on his reader this characteristic of his hero. But throughout it is this refinement of feeling, this tenderness and sensitivity to affection, that Virgil has loved to paint in the character of *Æneas*. To him Dido's charm lies in her being the one pitying face that has as yet met his own. Divine as he is, the child, like Achilleus, of a goddess, he broods with a tender melancholy over the sorrows of his fellow-men. "Sunt lacrymae rerum et mentem mortalia tangunt" are words in which Sainte-Beuve has found the secret of the *Æneid*: they are at any rate the key to the character of *Æneas*. Like the poet of our own days, he longs for "the touch of a vanished hand and the sound of a voice that is still":—

Cur dextra jungere dextram
Non datur, ac veras audire et reddere voces?

He is not of those epic heroes "that delight in war." The joy in sheer downright fighting which rings through Homer is utterly absent from the *Æneid*. Stirring and picturesque as is "The Gathering of the Clans," brilliant as is the painting of the last combat with Turnus, we feel everywhere the touch of a poet of peace. Virgil seems to protest in his very hero against the poetic compulsion that drags him to the battle-field. On the eve of his final triumph, *Æneas*

incusat voce Latinum:
Testaturque deos iterum se ad prælia cogi.

Even when host is marshalled against host, the thought of reconciliation is always kept steadily to the front. The bitter cry of the

hero asks, in the very heat of the contest, why bloodshed should divide peoples who were destined to be one.

In touches such as these it is easy to see what critics are accustomed to style a "compliment" to Augustus. But the loving admiration of Virgil hardly stooped to the flattery of compliments. To him Augustus was the founder of a new Rome, the *Aeneas* who across the long wanderings and strife of civil war had brought her into quiet waters, and bound warring factions into a peaceful people. Virgil felt, as even we can feel so many ages later, the sense of a high mission, the calm, silent recognition of a vast work to be done, which lifted the cold, passionless Imperator into greatness. It was the bidding of Augustus that had called him from his "rustic measure" to this song of Rome, and the thought of Augustus blended, whether he would or not, with that Rome of the future which seemed growing up under his hands. Unlike, too, as Virgil was to the Emperor, there was a common undertone of melancholy that drew the two men together. The wreck of the older faiths, the lingering doubt whether good was after all the strongest thing in the world, whether the gods were always on the side of justice and right, throws its gloom over the noblest passages of the *Aeneid*. It is the same doubt, hardened by the temper of the man into a colder and more mocking scepticism, that sounds in the "plaudite et valete" of the deathbed of Augustus. The Emperor had played his part well, but it was a part that he could hardly persuade himself to be real. All that wisdom and power could do had been done, but Augustus had no faith in the great fabric he had reared. Virgil drew faith in the fortunes of Rome from his own enthusiasm, but to him too the moral order of the world brought only the melancholy doubt of Hamlet. Everywhere we feel "the pity on't." The religious theory of the universe, the order of the world around him, jars at every step with his moral faith. *Aeneas* is the reflection of a time out of joint. Everywhere among good men there was the same moral earnestness, the same stern resolve after nobleness and grandeur of life, and everywhere there was the same inability to harmonize this moral life with the experience of the world. A noble stoicism breathes in the character of *Aeneas*, the virtue of the virtuous man, refined and softened by a poet's pitifulness, heightened above all by the lingering doubt whether there were any necessary connexion between virtue and the divine order of things around it.

Di tibi, si qua pio respectant numina, si quid
Usquam Justitia est, et mens sibi conscientia recti,
Præmia digna ferant!

The words glow, so to speak, with moral earnestness, but through them we feel the doubt whether, after all, uprightness and a good conscience were really the object of divine care. Heaven had flown further off from earth than in the days of the Iliad. The laws of the universe, as time had revealed them, the current of human affairs, the very might of the colossal Empire in which the world of civilization found itself prisoned, all seemed to be dwarfing man. Man remained, the sad stern manhood of the Stoic, the spirit that breathes through the character of *Aeneas*, enduring, baffled, yet full of a faith that the very storms that drove him from sea to sea were working out some mysterious and divine order. Man was greater than his fate:—

Quo fata trahunt retrahuntque sequamur,
Quicquid erit, superanda omnis fortuna ferendo est.

There is the same sad Cato-like stoicism in the words with which *Aeneas* addresses himself to his final combat:—

Disce, puer, virtutem ex me verumque laborem,
Fortunam ex aliis.

But the "dis aliter visum" meets us at every step. Riphæus is the most just and upright among the warriors of Troy, but he is the first to fall. An inscrutable mystery hangs around the order of the world. Men of harder, colder temper shrug their shoulders, and like Augustus repeat their "vanitas vanitatum" with a smile of contempt at the fools who take life in earnest. Nobler and more sensitive souls carry about with them "the pity of it." It is this melancholy that flings its sad grace over the verse of the *Aeneid*. We close it as we close the Idyls, with the King's mournful cry in our ears. But the Roman stoicism is of harder and manlier stuff than the chivalrous spiritualism of Arthur. The ideal of the old world is of nobler, sterner tone than the ideal of the new. Even with death and ruin around him, and the mystery of the world darkening his soul, man remains man and master of his fate. The suffering and woe of the individual find amends in the greatness and welfare of the race. We pity the wandering of *Aeneas*, but his wanderings found the city. The dream of Arthur vanishes as the dark boat dies into a dot upon the mere; the dream of *Aeneas* becomes Rome.

PIUS IX. AND HIS CLERGY.

THE late estimable Archbishop of Paris was, in one sense, hardly less happy in the time than honoured in the circumstances of his cruel death. That he should at once be eagerly claimed as a martyr by those who in life were his bitterest opponents, and who would never have dared to parade his supposed adherence to their views while he was still alive to contradict them, was only to be expected. This indecent haste to make capital out of his opportune removal will neither injure his memory nor benefit the cause of those who are so anxious to whitewash it from the reproach of an honourable consistency.

Meanwhile he has passed to his rest amidst the reverence and regrets of good men of all communions, and he has been spared the spectacle of humiliation which is just now being furnished by too many not only of his colleagues in the episcopate but of his colleagues in the fight he made for "liberty and faith"—never in his mind disjoined from one another—at the Vatican Synod last year. The long promised Pastoral of the German bishops, to which we have before adverted in these columns, has at length made its appearance, with twenty-three signatures, which include, we believe, the names of all the German bishops except Hefele; not, of course, those of the Austrian and Hungarian prelates. Thus it is signed by all who put their hand a year and a half ago to the Fulda Pastoral, which promised that no new doctrine would be defined at the Council. And a very singular document it is, whether we consider the signatories or the contents. How far it will answer its professed purpose of checking the movement of the "old Catholics," which is rapidly spreading throughout Germany, remains to be seen. That the attempt to extract from the Pope some official disclaimer of certain consequences of the new dogma has proved, as it was sure to prove, a failure, may be inferred from the bishops giving their own non-natural glosses on the doctrine simply on their own authority. At a time when the Ultramontane party throughout Europe is in transports of excitement in the confident hope of a restoration of the Temporal Power by the arms of Henry V. of France, the Court of Rome is not likely to abate one iota of its secular or spiritual claims.

The Pastoral of course begins with anathematizing in the strongest terms all who refuse "full interior and exterior assent" to the decrees of the Vatican Council, or who "let themselves be misled by such as place their own private judgment above the divine authority of the Church;" referring of course to Dr. Döllinger and such other learned Catholics, including Lord Acton, as met at Munich the other day to concert their plan of action. But having thus satisfied their obligations to the Pope, the bishops try to satisfy their obligations to their own people and their own consciences by laying down certain canons of interpretation which might perhaps render the dogma practically innocuous, but only by reducing its sense, with Mr. Maskell, to "almost nothing." Their first observation, that it is wrong to misquote or misinterpret the decrees of the Council in a sense which they do not properly bear, is in itself a truism; but the bishops fail to recognise that it applies not to their adversaries but to themselves. This will become clearer as we proceed. The Council, they assure their readers, has assigned to the Pope no greater power than he has always possessed; for his authority is limited "by revelation, by the divine law, and by the divine constitution of the Church"—of all which, however, he is the sole authorised exponent; nor has it ascribed to him "personal infallibility"—which is true in the letter, though it is not easy to see how an infallibility expressly declared to be independent of any one else's consent can be other than personal. As to the Pope having always possessed the power assigned to him in the Vatican decrees, it is enough to observe here that, as Bishop Hefele is at least well versed in Church history, we do not wonder that he was ashamed to sign the Pastoral. We are next informed that it is "a calumny contradicted by facts" to say that the Catholic Church and her doctrine are dangerous to States and Governments, for the Church first taught the duty of obedience to authority for conscience sake. Be it so; but the question is not about the teaching of the Church, but the claims of the Papacy. And again, we say that it is not wonderful that the one German bishop who is an historian should have declined to subscribe this statement. The next remark of the bishops, that it does not belong to civil governments to decide on questions of doctrine, has the minor demerit of being purely irrelevant. When they add that it is equally untrue to attribute to the State the power of deciding on questions of Church property, they are no doubt strictly borne out in their assertion by infallible Papal decrees; but there is nevertheless no Catholic Government which does not habitually contravene these decrees. The main gist of the Pastoral, however, consists in the last canon of interpretation laid down, where we meet even more astounding assertions than any yet referred to. It is a groundless fear, we are told, that the new dogma tends to bring back "the hierarchical mediæval system." Well, the time and method of restoring it may be a matter of discretion in these degenerate days, but that it ought to be restored, whenever and wherever it is feasible, is abundantly evident from the declarations of the infallible Syllabus, and the luminous expositions of its ablest Jesuit interpreters, like Schrader, which we beg to commend to the notice of the German bishops. But they clinch their general principle by a particular assertion, which we have read over and over again to make sure we had read it right. There it stands, however, in black and white:—"Of all the Bulls cited by our adversaries as dangerous to the State, one only is dogmatic, the *Unam Sanctam* of Boniface VIII., and that was accepted by a General Council." Considering its contents, we should have thought that one would be enough. But, not to refer here to other mediæval decisions, if ever Bull was dogmatic and issued *ex cathedra*, the *Cum ex Apostolatus officio* of Paul IV., and the *In Cœnd Domini*, finally authenticated by Pius V., are cases in point. The former roundly asserts the supremacy of the Pope over princes and kingdoms; he judges all, and can be judged by none, and whoever gives any aid to any heretical or schismatical prince thereby forfeits his dominions to the Pope, who may bestow them on princes obedient to himself. The *In Cœnd Domini*, publicly read out at Rome every year on Holy Thursday till the time of Ganganielli, is even more explicit. Will

the German bishops kindly explain whether these Bulls are not "dogmatic," or whether they are not "dangerous"? As to the General Council which accepted the *Unam Sanctam*, what is meant is Leo X.'s fifth Lateran Synod, a packed assembly of about fifty Italian bishops, and which has, to say the least, no better right to be called an Ecumenical Council than the meeting of German bishops at Fulda, where at all events freedom of discussion was allowed. The bishops conclude by observing that the ancient rights and immunities of the Church are limited by modern Concordats, sanctioned by the Holy See. True, but these Concordats were wrung from the necessities of the Popes, and on infallibilist principles are simply dependent on their will. They are a concession to the hardness of men's hearts, till the convenient season for reasserting claims, never dropped, but only suspended, may arrive. For the present, as the *Civilità Cattolica* puts it, "Christian States have ceased to exist; human society is again become heathen, and is like an earthly body with no breath from heaven." And therefore, according to Schneemann, the Jesuit interpreter of the Syllabus, the Church will act with the greatest prudence in the use of her temporal power, according to altered circumstances, and will not at present adopt her entire mediæval policy. But, if the Pope be infallible, not one jot of it is renounced.

And now let us turn from the German to the English Roman Catholic bishops. We do not here refer to Dr. Manning's ingenious device the other day for issuing a joint Pastoral—a thing never done before except when a Provincial Synod had been held—simply for the sake of committing all his colleagues to certain *obiter dicta* on infallibility lugged head and shoulders into an address on Catholic Poor Schools. So clumsy a method of securing adhesion is in fact a confession of weakness, and the document itself bears traces of hesitating revision, just enough to destroy its point without altering its substance, after it had passed from its author's hand. Nor are we speaking now of the address to the Pope on his jubilee, read out last Sunday in the churches of the "archdiocese of Westminster," with the remarkable notification of the Archbishop, "After reading this address to the people, give them to understand that your signature will be attached to it in their behalf!" In fact, we have not seen the address, which it was not perhaps thought prudent to publish, till this remarkable process of vicarious signature was safely accomplished. But the Latin address to the Pope, which all the Roman Catholic clergy in England are expected to sign, but which in fact some of them have declined to sign, has found its way into the *Tablet*, and, so far as it does not consist of pious platitudes, is not less remarkable in its dealing with contemporary history than the German Pastoral in its dealing with the history of the past. There is nothing, it has been said, so misleading as facts, except figures. After reading the following passage, it is impossible not to be profoundly impressed with the force of the saying. If this be indeed a correct description of the Papacy of Pius IX., what is ordinarily understood by "facts" must be a delusive mirage. We give the extract exactly as it stands:—

Gaudemus porro hanc Tibi gratiam et legem a Deo fuisse concessum, ut operibus quoque Petri Patri omnes posse exornare. Gentes enim iniquas ad fidem revocasti; haereses oppressisti; infidelitatem extirasti. Factions a Te amata, magistratusque sunt suffulti: quin et Ecclesie non modo perstisti unitatem, sed et orbis terrarum perfectam communisisti. Accedit et ad Sanctorum numerus, et nova sub Tuis auspiciis gemina ipsius Beatae Mariae Virginis corona inserta.

The opening statement that Pius IX. has equalled not only the years but the works of St. Peter might by old-fashioned persons be thought a little presumptuous, if not profane; but let that pass. It is the details which are so perplexing to the uninitiated. "Thou hast recalled to faith unbelieving nations." Here all turns on the precise meaning of "revocasti." No doubt Pius IX. has "called the spirits from the vasty deep" in tones of alternate entreaty and anathema as loud as ever issued from any of his predecessors. But if it is meant that the "spirits," or the nations, did "come when they were called"—and the wording and context seem to imply as much—we are sorely puzzled to know what nations are referred to. And yet we ought not to be perplexed, for it is clear from what shortly follows that all infidel nations have been converted under the present Pontificate; "infidelitatem extirasti." We look round on the millions of unbelieving Chinese, where so many Catholic missionaries and nuns have lately been massacred, on the two hundred million Indian Brahmins, on the vast extent of Mahometanism, on—but why proceed? Nothing is so delusive as facts, except figures. "Infidelity is extirpated," and they are all converted to the bosom of the Catholic Church, though we in our ignorance knew it not. One clause we have omitted, "haereses oppressisti." If by heresies be meant heretics, the statement is not unintelligible. Pius IX. certainly did his best last year to "oppress" the heretical minority of the Council, and has done his best to oppress their followers since, not without some success. But in the next sentence we are all at sea again. If factions have been removed and magistrates supported by Pio Nono, it would seem that in Italy at least the faction removed was that which defended his own tottering throne, while in France persons exercising the functions of magistrates have been engaged in murdering his clergy. And what next follows is more wondrous still. The present Pope has not only perfected the unity of the Church, but made its perfection manifest to mankind. As to perfecting it, we had imagined it was heresy to say the unity of the Church was ever imperfect, but that its perfection has not always been equally

manifest to mankind may readily be admitted. And we should have thought, in our blindness, that there was never a time when it was less manifest than now, except perhaps during the great schism of the Antipopes. Why, the stern anathemas and halting explanations and frightened appeals of the German bishops are sufficient indications of a condition of feeling which does not look very like perfect unity. But we are wrong; its perfection is "manifest to the whole world." The last sentence we seem more easily to understand. To be sure, "the number of Saints" has not been "augmented" by Pius IX. in quite the same way as by St. Peter. We have never heard, for instance, of three thousand being converted at once by his preaching. But if he has made no saints by his preaching, he has done what St. Peter never did—he has canonized a good many of them. One of the last, if we remember right, was a Spanish inquisitor, Peter de Arribus by name, whose cruelties were so exceptional, even among that murderous fraternity, that he gained the crown of martyrdom from the hands of the outraged relations of one of his unhappy victims. Perhaps it would have been wiser not to have recalled that particular distinction of the present Pontiff. To many Roman Catholics it may also seem that the less said about "the new gem inserted in the Virgin's crown" the better. On the whole, however, we must congratulate the compiler of this clerical address on his achievement. It was a bold stroke of the German bishops to prove from history that the new dogma makes no difference at all in the immemorial faith or discipline of the Church. But to maintain that the Church, under the rule of the present Pope, has extinguished heresy, extirpated infidelity, suppressed revolution, and revealed her perfect unity with unexampled splendour to the eyes of the world, is a stretch of more sublime audacity.

MR. COLE'S UNIVERSAL ART INVENTORY.

IN speaking last week of the Universal Catalogue of Art Books projected by Mr. Cole, C.B., we greatly understated the truth as to the expenditure of public money upon an undertaking manifestly useless. It was declared by competent authorities that such a catalogue would be too imperfect to have any value unless an expenditure was incurred upon it which even Mr. Cole's audacity could hardly venture to propose. But although the monstrous scheme of printing this catalogue as an advertisement in the *Times* was abandoned as soon as public attention was attracted to it, yet Mr. Cole proceeded in a less ostentatious manner with his catalogue; and he has finished it and commenced another work of the same kind. "The Universal Art Inventory" is in progress at this moment, and an explanation might be usefully demanded in the House of Commons of its probable cost, and of the advantage expected to be derived from it. The godfathers of this second project of Mr. Cole were Earl Granville and Mr. Bruce, who, as "my Lords," undertook to cause to be compiled "general art inventories, briefly naming the most remarkable objects which are known to exist, and showing the locality and site where they may be seen and studied." It may be conjectured that "my Lords" were scarcely aware of the grandeur of the enterprise which they, to use a big word, "inaugurated" by this modest minute. The work was begun, or at least began to be talked about, in 1864, and it is in hand, and apparently far from its end—for we will not say completion—now. It never can by possibility be complete; but if it should end during Mr. Cole's lifetime, we may be sure that that indefatigable gentleman will begin another work of the same kind. He has published at the national expense a volume of this catalogue for the present year, with a preface written by himself which states that "the work must be considered as little more than a beginning, and is not complete." The proofs of several divisions of the work, prepared up to 1868, have been submitted to several authorities for suggestions, and certain persons whom Mr. Cole proceeds to name have been so good as to furnish additions and corrections which have been incorporated with the present edition. "I have received great assistance from Miss Henrietta Lindsay Cole. Thanks are due to all, but especially to Mrs. Higford Burr, for the extent of her contributions." All this, and much more, is printed by the Queen's Printers in a volume which may be bought for 2s. 6d., and which we should think would find very few purchasers. But probably neither "my Lords" nor Mr. Cole expected that even the contributions of Mrs. Higford Burr and the assistance of Miss Cole could make the publication, in a pecuniary sense, profitable. The most alarming feature of the project is that it appears destined to endure as long as the house of Cole flourishes. Energetic ladies will supply contributions without limit, and the female progeny of the present editor will no doubt be prepared to render "great assistance" in arranging these contributions in future volumes of the never-ending, still beginning inventory. The present volume comprises only "Mosaics and Stained Glass," and it pretends to be no more than an imperfect basis to which further notices may be added. The family of Cole may be regarded as selected and set apart for the performance of the sacred rites of the scissors and paste-pot for the national benefit and at the national expense. Mr. Murray, with public spirit, gave permission to have preliminary notices of objects extracted from his series of valuable handbooks, and hereupon the talent of Miss Cole began to exert itself for the public good. We do not understand that even Mr. Cole himself pretends that the work thus begun can ever be completed. The keepers of Continental Museums, in answer to requests made to them through the

Foreign Office, stated that their catalogues were imperfect. A note addressed to the British Minister at Turin by the Italian Minister of Foreign Affairs, states that "Les Catalogues ne sont certes pas une description complète et détaillée des collections dont il s'agit, car aucun des dits établissements ne possède des catalogues complets imprimés, ce qui serait pour quelques-uns surtout une œuvre tellement colossale et dispendieuse, qu'on ne saurait penser à la faire exécuter en ce moment." This note was written in 1865, so that Mr. Cole had early notice that he was preparing to do what was impossible. If the museums of Italy have no complete catalogues, Mr. Cole's Inventory must be as regards that country incomplete, or he must make it complete by sending persons from England for that express purpose. He has not yet ventured to propose to do this at the national expense, but he has, as we understand, availed himself of the assistance of tourists who had, or pretended to have, a knowledge of art. The extensive contributions of Mrs. Higford Burr, for which Mr. Cole renders thanks, are probably the result of tours in which a taste for exploration of curiosities was stimulated by the assurance that whatever the tourist wrote would be published by Mr. Cole. We know nothing and say nothing as to the quality of the contributions of Mrs. Higford Burr, but it is manifest that the compliment bestowed on her will call forth an army of enterprising ladies, who, with more zeal than knowledge, will scour the Continent in search of works of art which they may describe in future editions of Mr. Cole's Inventory. The mania for examining and describing antiquities, real or supposed, is only partially kept in check by the expense of printing, and that Mr. Cole, under the authority of "my Lords," promises that the nation shall defray.

The Foreign Office, put in motion by "my Lords," obtained from various Continental authorities opinions publicly expressed that Mr. Cole's Inventory would be useless. The Prussian Minister of Public Instruction wrote:—"The collection of trustworthy and complete material in the sense wished by Her Majesty's Government, which should extend even to church treasures, would be a work which would take up a great space of time even for persons educated for this purpose." Persons properly qualified must be sent all over Europe to do in its several countries what the Governments thereof did not care to do for themselves. With all the experience which Europe has had of British prodigality, the Prussian Minister did not believe that we should go that length, nor did Mr. Cole venture to propose to do so. He procured all the manuscript and printed catalogues that could be had, and employed his family and friends upon them with paste and scissors. Thus he necessarily produces an imperfect Inventory, but he has probably persuaded himself and "my Lords" that such an Inventory is better than none at all. We say, on the other hand, that the specimen which Mr. Cole has published is either wholly valueless, or of too little value to justify the expense of printing it. The British nation, cultivating the Fine Arts under the guidance of Mr. Cole, reminds us painfully of some rich contractor investing in "bigotry and virtue," for which he pays large prices at the bidding of some pretended connoisseur who possesses just enough knowledge and confidence to compel those who are altogether ignorant to bow to his authority. It would be almost better to have no Department of Science and Art at all than to place at the head of it a man who is capable of doing what Mr. Cole does without being ashamed of it. The Universal Art Catalogue, which we had erroneously supposed to have been discontinued in deference to the public outcry against it in 1867, was quietly but perfidiously proceeded with, and has been professedly completed. We assert, and we are sure that on inquiry it would appear, that this catalogue is almost, or altogether, worthless. We quoted last week from a Parliamentary Paper of 1867, in which the story of its inception and progress up to the point of advertising a portion of it in the *Times* is clearly told. We believe that after that date other portions of it were published in *Notes and Queries*, and other portions were printed by the Queen's Printers. The whole is now advertised among the publications issued by the Science and Art Department, "In two volumes. Foolscap 4to, half bound in morocco. Price £2 2s. od." Thus Mr. Cole has, in his sense, completed a work which we had mistakenly supposed he had abandoned in deference to the strongly expressed opinion of competent judges that it was not worth its cost. Earl Granville and Mr. Bruce were, as we have said, the Ministers under whose authority this scheme was originally launched. But, whoever has presided at the Council Office since 1864, all alike have found that it was vain to contend against Mr. Cole, who might apply to himself the lines of Tennyson:—

Men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

There is reason to believe that "my Lords" were so disturbed at the revelations of 1867 that they contemplated abandoning the project of the Universal Catalogue. But Mr. Cole, to use a vulgar saying, "stuck to his stuff," and "my Lords" yielded to the influence of a mind more resolute than theirs. The Catalogue is as complete as it ever will be, and the Inventory is proceeding in the manner we have attempted to describe. It is to be hoped that the House of Commons will insist upon having some definite statement of the actual and probable cost of this work, and will then proceed to form an opinion of its value. Let us remember that all these proceedings of Mr. Cole's are professedly directed to the advancement of education, in which it has generally been thought essential to distinguish between the reality and the pretence of work. The money which is wasted at the bidding of

Mr. Cole might buy a few rare specimens of art which would teach more than any quantity of inventorial and descriptive writing, even supposing it to be of far higher quality than that which is supplied by Mr. Cole.

THE CANADIAN SOLUTION OF THE ARMY QUESTION.

PUBLIC attention has been during the last year so much absorbed by discussions as to the best military organization for the mother-country, that scarcely a thought has been bestowed upon the defences of our numerous colonies. In fact, the latter question has been dismissed in a very summary manner, the colonies having been in effect told that they must look after themselves. Now a settlement of the relation of the colonies to the mother-country is, in our opinion, one of the most important political problems of the day, the solution of which cannot much longer be deferred, and in that solution it will be, above all things, necessary to determine definitely and on a general plan how those colonies are to be defended. It seems to be admitted on all sides that in future only a very small body of Imperial troops will be stationed in the colonies, but that in case of hostilities Imperial succour will be afforded to the utmost of our ability. That Imperial succour must, however, under any circumstances, be very small and comparatively tardy. It is necessary, therefore, that each colony should be able both to withstand the first onset of the enemy, and also to supplement the Imperial reinforcements by a substantial colonial force. We may hope in time that the colonies, instead of being, as at present, a source of military weakness to the mother-country, may furnish powerful contingents for Federal service beyond their own limits, and thus add largely to the military strength of the Empire. Before this desirable result can be attained, the political relations of colonies and mother-country will have to be determined, and it will probably be some years before these can be settled. In the meantime it is a matter of absolute necessity that each colony should adopt such a military organization for defensive purposes as will enable it, at all events, to resist not only filibustering raids, but also the first brunt of an invasion by a regular hostile force. To the credit of the Confederation of British North America be it spoken, that portion of Her Majesty's dominions has thoroughly recognised both its duty and its interest, and has already set on foot a military organization which has on several occasions frustrated Fenian raids, and would enable it to hold its own against even a regular American invasion when the arrival of succour from England. It is true that the Canadian army consists merely of militia, but if it be remembered that the American regular forces are few in number, and scattered all over a vast territory, that the bulk of any invading force would be composed of men even less highly trained than the Canadian levies, and that the country is eminently favourable to irregular warfare, it will, we think, be admitted that the force in question is equal to its task, which is defence, not offence.

While we in England have been employed in noisily discussing the best defensive organization, the Canadians appear to have quietly, and with a minimum both of cost to the country and of hardship to individuals, solved the question. Indeed, we should say that, with the exception of Prussia and Switzerland, Canada is far in advance, as regards defensive organization, of every country in the world. After calm consideration and successive elaborations, the following results have been attained. The foundation of the system is the axiom that every man owes it to his country to serve in its defence against its enemies. All British subjects between the ages of eighteen and sixty—with a few necessary exceptions—are liable to military service. The exceptions referred to are judges, ministers of religion, professors in colleges or Universities, the officials in penitentiaries and public lunatic asylums, persons disabled by infirmity, and the only son of a widow, being her sole support. Half-pay and retired officers of the regular army and navy, sailors and pilots when employed in their calling, and masters of public schools are enrolled, but are only liable to actual service in case of actual war, invasion, or insurrection. All others are both enrolled, and liable to serve when called upon, and are divided into four classes, which are to be called out successively as may be necessary. The above four classes, comprising the whole—with mere nominal exceptions—of the adult population of the colony, constitute the regular or reserve Militia. The total population of the North American Confederation is estimated at about four millions, and the number liable to service at about 675,000 men. For purposes of organization, the whole country is divided into nine military districts, which are further subdivided into twenty-two brigade and one hundred and eighty-six regimental divisions, which latter are again divided into company divisions. The Minister of Militia and Defence is at the head of the whole organization, and is assisted by a chief executive officer styled the adjutant-general, who has under him at headquarters a deputy. The Militia of each district is under the command of a deputy adjutant-general, and in each brigade division there is a brigade major, who seems, however, to be simply a staff officer, and to exercise no actual command. To each regimental division are assigned a lieutenant-colonel and two majors, and to each company division a captain and two subalterns. The regimental and company divisions correspond as closely as possible to electoral and municipal divisions. The regimental officers attached to the Reserve Militia reside in their respective districts, and are appointed principally for purposes of enrolment and ballot; consequently, the recruiting and organizing

staff would not be, as would be the case with us, dislocated in the event of an invasion, but a continual flow of recruits to the active army could be kept up. The organization we have described, except as regards deputy adjutant-generals and, to a certain extent, brigade majors, is essentially of a reserve character, and simply provides for the immediate carrying out of any measures deemed necessary without imposing any actual duty in time of peace. In England, on the contrary, the organization for the ballot is not to be commenced until the emergency arises.

We now come to the actual army of Canada, or, as it is termed, the Active Militia. At present this consists entirely of corps raised by voluntary enlistment, and numbers on paper 44,519 men, or 1 in 15 of all men liable to serve, and 1 in 100 of the population. The different arms of the service are thus represented:—Cavalry, 1,666, chiefly organized in isolated squadrons and troops; 10 field batteries with 42 guns, 441 horses, and 750 men; garrison artillery, 4,108 men; 4 companies of engineers, 232 men; 3 marine companies, 174 men; and 73 battalions of infantry numbering 36,729 men, and 2 battalions for service in the Red River District, 862 men. In addition to the above, twenty-five new corps are in process of formation. When organized, they will raise the strength of the Active Militia to 45,040 men. According to the Militia law of the Dominion, it is only required that the Active Militia should amount to 40,000 men, furnished in due proportion by the different districts, and to be raised by ballot if necessary. Hitherto there has been no necessity to have recourse to the ballot; there is, however, a growing feeling in the Dominion that voluntary enlistment involves undue hardship on individuals, and it seems probable that the ballot will ere long be brought into operation. At present, volunteers enlist for three years, but according to the law men obtained by ballot would serve only two years. At the end of their service in the Active Militia the men who compose it re-enter the Reserve, and are not liable to be called out until all other men in the same company division have volunteered or been balloted to serve. The number of men called out for training each year is 40,000, and the number of days' drill is sixteen, during which time the men receive pay. A system of assembling the troops in each brigade in camps for the purpose of annual training has also been introduced with the best possible results, and the practice is likely to be extended. During the time that the Militia is embodied it is subject to the Queen's Regulations and the Articles of War, and, as a matter of fact, discipline appears to be thoroughly maintained. Rifle practice by companies is sedulously practised, and skill in the use of the rifle is encouraged by the bestowal of prizes at the annual training. The great assimilation to the customs and practices of regular troops is remarkable even in social and ornamental details. Many battalions are provided with colours and bands, and during the annual training the officers generally mess together. A very sensible arrangement, tending both to increase a military feeling and to create an impression on the enemy, is the supplying the infantry with uniforms similar to that worn by the Imperial army. It may here be remarked that the men of the Canadian Active Militia are far taller and larger than the soldiers of our regular regiments. As regards both combatant and non-combatant staff, no efforts have been spared to render the local army efficient, and a still greater improvement is to be looked for shortly. It is proposed that the Adjutant-General of the Militia should be styled in future Major-General Commanding the Militia; that his staff-officer—the present Deputy-Adjutant-General at Head-quarters—should be termed Adjutant-General, and receive the rank of Colonel; that the Deputy Adjutant-Generals who command districts should receive the title of Colonel on the staff, and that all staff officers should in future, before appointment, pass a special examination, and only hold their offices for five years, and not be eligible for reappointment in the same office. With a view to obtaining properly qualified officers for the staff, it is recommended that a Canadian Staff College should be established; and in order to obtain competent instructors for it, the suggestion is made that the Imperial Government be asked to allow a certain number of Canadian officers to join the Staff College at Sandhurst. But the Canadian authorities have already taken practical steps to secure a good professional training for their officers, by the institution of schools of instruction, in which measure they were far in advance of Mr. Cardwell. These schools of instruction were first established in 1864, and already nearly 6,000 young men have passed through them. Some of the graduates now hold commissions in the Active Militia, while others will be provided for as vacancies occur, and on an increase to the Active Militia being required, would furnish an ample supply of well-qualified officers. Moreover the boys in most large schools undergo elementary drill. Thus it will be seen that a large proportion of males of all ages from ten to sixty receive a certain amount—in some cases a very considerable amount—of military training, and that, if the ballot is enforced, there will in course of time be probably about half a million of men more or less trained to arms. We have shown that the combatant and recruiting staff is completely organized, and considerable attention is now being paid to the administrative staff or store department, and arrangements have been made for a due supply of all the arms, camp equipage, and other stores required for field service or camps of instruction.

We might describe the details of Canadian military organization at much greater length, but we have approached the limits of our space. We cannot, however, refrain from citing one instance in which the system was tested, and which showed that the

Dominion possessed something more than a mere paper organization. On one occasion, within twenty-four hours 14,000 men were assembled at corps head-quarters and ready to take the field. This occurred in 1866, when at 4 P.M., on the 7th March, the Adjutant-General, then on his way by railway from Ottawa to Montreal, received a telegram ordering him to assemble 10,000 men to resist a Fenian raid. By 4 P.M. on the 8th it was notified to the Adjutant-General that not 10,000 but 14,000 men were assembled at their respective head-quarters awaiting further orders. These orders were sent, and by the afternoon of the 10th this force had been duly distributed and posted. On each subsequent occasion on which the Militia have been called out the same alacrity has been displayed. Some of the men had to travel not less than twenty miles to obey the summons to proceed to battalion head-quarters, and frequently large numbers of Canadians in the United States have volunteered to join the Militia on emergency. It is calculated that within a few days 30,000 men could be assembled on the American frontier. Nor can the Canadian army—for army it is, and not a mere aggregate of unorganized and unconnected tactical units like our Volunteers and Militia—boast merely of the loyalty and alacrity of the men and the excellence of the officers; but most of the corps exhibit, according to the reports of the experienced inspecting officers, a remarkable degree of military proficiency. The annual inspections are by no means perfunctory or mere complimentary ceremonies; no time is wasted in parade manoeuvres, but every minute of the inspection is devoted to ascertaining the real condition of the corps, all shortcomings being most fearlessly reported on. With such numbers, such physique, such officers, such training, and such organization, Canada counts for much as an element of the military strength of the Empire, and must, we should think, definitively put an end to all fear of sudden annexation by the United States. Mr. Cardwell may learn many valuable lessons regarding military organization if he can spare a single evening to read the last few Militia reports of the gallant young Dominion, and no political economist can now pretend that Canada is a source of weakness to the British Empire.

RELIGION ON THE STUMP.

BILSTON, which used to be famous for its bull-fights, has just been enjoying a rude sport of another kind, in the form of a clerical election. In the course of some two hundred years the value of the living of St. Leonards—originally 5*l.* a year—has been continually augmented by the bequests of pious parishioners till it now amounts to 800*l.* a year, including surplice fees. These bequests were given on condition that the choice of an incumbent should be left to the householders of Bilston, and it has remained at the disposal of household suffrage to the present day. The consequences are pretty much what might be expected. At the last election, in 1836, there was not only a violent struggle previously to the parishioners being polled, but afterwards there was a free fight in the church itself between the different factions. A curate who occupied the pulpit in defiance of the pastor elect had to be ejected by physical force at the close of a general mêlée. The older inhabitants, who recollect these things, naturally looked forward with some apprehension to the recurrence of another vacancy. Certainly the spectacle of a clergyman having to fight his way into the pulpit is not exactly in accordance with that wholesome and godly example which ministers are enjoined to set before their congregations, or with the dignity of the office on which the Prayer-book lays such repeated emphasis. In the present instance the fighting has apparently been confined to the roughs; but the spirit and temper in which the proceedings have been carried on have been quite as bad as anything we can imagine in former days. Indeed we are not sure that a little more fisticuffs, as of old, would not have been an advantage. It might have served as a safety-valve for the angry passions engendered, and spared the necessity for so much foul language and personal abuse.

There were originally seven candidates, but the number was gradually reduced to four, and then to two. Most of the candidates undertook a personal canvass of the electors, addressed meetings, and followed the usual routine of a contested Parliamentary election. One of them, the Rev. Mr. Carter, introduced himself as having lived among the "gamblers, miners, and furnace-men"—an odd industrial classification—of Wolverhampton. Possibly the people of Bilston may not have felt flattered by the equivocal compliment conveyed in the suggestion that previous intimacy with a vicious population especially qualified him for the cure of their souls; but, on the other hand, the chronic jealousy which usually prevails between adjacent provincial towns may have been gratified by the invidious reference to a neighbouring community. Mr. Carter, however, had other claims to attention in reserve. It appeared that he had for some time been engaged in a "new channel of doing good." Borrowing an idea from natural history, he imitated the example of those industrious insects which deposit their eggs in the backs of roving herds, and thus secure the wide dissemination of their offspring. He had been in the habit of inserting week by week in various profane prints, "sound, scriptural, evangelical, and constitutional articles." Hitherto he had been inoculating about a score of newspapers in this way, but he was ambitious of "getting hold"

of five hundred papers; and as the process apparently costs money, he was prepared, if elected to the benefit, to give 100*l.* annually to extend this work. A more direct and personal bid of a pecuniary kind was made by the Rev. C. E. Perry, who announced that, if he was chosen, he would show "his love to the poor of Bilston by giving security for the sum of 2,000*l.*, the interest of which should be paid annually for ever to the poor, irrespective of their creed and religious profession." These baits, however, do not seem to have proved particularly attractive to the Bilstonians, if we may judge by the withdrawal of the candidates who angled with them. Ultimately the contest lay between Mr. Ward and Mr. Lee; the former being the curate of St. Leonards, and apparently the choice of the congregation, and the latter a clergyman from London, who had formerly lived in Bilston. Mr. Lee took his stand as an Evangelical of the Evangelicals, while Mr. Ward leaned to what, in opposition to Low Church, are styled High Church views. The rival parties organized committees, issued vituperative placards, and allowed themselves considerable rhetorical license in the ridicule and denunciation of the claims and character of the candidate on the other side. The walls and shop-windows were profusely adorned with election literature of a most offensive kind. After several weeks of angry agitation, in which the language and demeanour of the different partisans became continually wilder and more furious, the nomination took place.

This ceremony was attended by a noisy mob, who hollered, groaned, and hooted, and in fact indulged in all the latitude of "free and independents" before the hustings. At the outset, some sensitiveness, which is not perhaps surprising, was shown at the presence of reporters. The Bilstonians were determined not to lose their sport, but they seem to have had a dim perception that it might be as well that the affair should not be too minutely or prominently described in the newspapers. The Chairman doubtless took the measure of his audience in the advice he gave them. He deemed it necessary to point out that it really was a matter of some importance that they should choose a suitable person for the vacant office, and urged them to show their respect for sacred things by a decent and orderly behaviour. He tried the soothing application of a compliment, assuring the people that on the whole there had been an improvement in the present election as compared with the last, but before he sat down he could not help expressing a hope that the matter would ultimately be taken out of their hands. "The change," he said, "would be for the better, and could not possibly be for the worse." This candid opinion provoked some disapprobation, but no reasonable person can read the account of the proceedings without heartily concurring in it. The speeches of the movers and seconders were shaped on the regular hustings model. First, Mr. Lee was proposed as a "gentleman of ripe experience, great talents, and greater eloquence." His seconder proclaimed him a "very great man," and hinted significantly that he would not only "point the sinner to Christ," but "contribute liberally to the temporal necessities of the poor." Further, he was ready to preach in the streets. Another speaker adopted the familiar expedient of converting praise of his own candidate into a personal attack on his opponent. They wanted, he said, "a full-grown man; no babyism, no mediocrities." "Seven hundred a-year," he added, "was no fool of a thing, and ought to command the best brains in the country." At this figure they were also entitled to expect "a thoroughly Evangelical man, who could preach the Gospel in all its purity, divested of the superstitions, mummeries, and monkies of Rome." The speaker's elegant idiom showed his appreciation of the culture for which he clamoured, but there was apparently some confusion in his succeeding observations. He was confident, he said, that under Mr. Lee's guidance "they could map their way back to the old paths of simple truth in which their fathers trod," his impression being apparently that the Anglican ritual is quite a new-fangled invention. The speeches in behalf of Mr. Lee were delivered under considerable difficulties, and amid continual interruptions. "Cheers, counter-cheers, and uproar" occur at the end of almost every sentence. The appearance of Mr. Lambert, who proposed Mr. Ward, was the signal for a more sustained and formidable tumult. There was yelling, groaning, and a barking as of dogs. Rival orators, some of them women, harangued in different parts of the hall. The Chairman in vain endeavoured to preserve order, and only a few fragments of sentences were heard at intervals. An effort was made to postpone the election, in order to allow a small committee of trustworthy persons to choose a candidate; but the mob were determined not to be balked, and even the respectable part of the population doubtless thought there would be more harm than good in a prolongation of such scandalous scenes. After three hours of uproar and confusion, a show of hands was taken and declared to be in favour of Mr. Lee. A poll was demanded on the other side, and the voting took place on Wednesday and Thursday. The rival parties had each their colours—one blue and white, the other red and pink; and wore them in their hats or as rosettes on their breasts. Towards evening, when the operatives left work, the fun became fast and furious. A drunken woman, in an old blue satin dress, was driven round the town in a gig. A band of some two hundred girls with red favours marched through the streets, singing and shouting, and occasionally attacking people of the opposite party. An old gentleman with a blue badge was badly beaten by the Amazons. The male roughs, of course, did their best to keep up the sport. They pelted each other with stones and mud, broke windows,

stopped cabs going to the poll and "drubbed" the occupants, and, in short, there appears to have been fighting and uproar all over the town. At the close of the poll Mr. Ward was burned in effigy. The result of the voting will not be announced till next week; but it appears to be certain that the Evangelical candidate has gained the day in this most un-Evangelical election.

We have simply copied these details of the proceedings from the local papers, and think we may leave them to the appreciation of our readers without any comment of our own. It is to be hoped that so instructive an illustration of the consequences of electing clergymen by popular suffrage will not be thrown away on the amiable enthusiasts who are anxious to abolish patronage and throw open every pulpit to the chosen of the people. Under a system of election there will usually be a contest, and a contest of course implies angry agitation while it is in progress, and rankling irritation when it is over. The parish is split up into different factions, and while the majority are tempted to push their victory as far as they can, the mortified minority will nurse their wrath, and labour by spiteful criticism to justify their opposition to the successful candidate. There is an old story of a man who refused to be moved by a pathetic sermon because he did not belong to the parish; and it is easy to conceive that the ministrations of a clergyman who has been elected after a sharp contest will not be very acceptable to those who voted against him, and did their best to get in another candidate. In the nature of things a popular election is an express invitation to people to take sides and espouse one cause or the other. Nothing could be more unfortunate and disastrous than the relations of a pastor to his flock under such circumstances; and in the present position of the Church of England, the result could hardly fail to be to embitter controversies which are too bitter already, to inflame sectarian animosities, and to degrade the great questions of religion into miserable personal squabbles. It is needless, perhaps, to say anything of the inevitable consequences of such a state of things on the self-respect and independence of the clergy, who would have to hawk their doctrines before an ignorant and prejudiced mob like a Cheap Jack at a fair, to trim their views to suit the popular taste, to puff themselves, and, by implication, if not openly and directly, to decry their rivals. It is to be hoped that the scandals of this outrageous farce at Bilston may at least do good in one way, by drawing attention to the subject, and indicating the necessity for some legislative action.

If the selection of ministers by popular suffrage became general, as some desire, we should find religion, like politics, obliged to take to the stump. Meanwhile a vigorous effort is being made by a certain section of Dissenters to get the stump set up in the churchyards. The Burial Bill, which has this week again been before the House of Commons, raises on a side issue the whole question of a national Church, which was disposed of in so decided a manner on Mr. Miall's motion. The state of the case is simply this—that the churchyards are public property, and are devoted to public uses under the regulation of the State, acting in the name and on behalf of the people at large. The burial-service is prescribed by the authority of the law of the land, and it is so prescribed because it is assumed that it is agreeable to the feelings and convictions of the majority of the nation. It is a service to which no Christian can reasonably object, and there is no hardship in requiring those who prefer another ceremonial to have it performed in their own homes or in some place outside the public ground. Majorities have their rights as well as minorities, and there can be no question that painful scandal and offence would be caused to the great body of the community by throwing open the parish churchyards to every freak and vagary of theological polemics or political agitation. Mr. Bruce, though a supporter of the Bill, with characteristic blundering and obtuseness clinched the argument against it by his objection to the amendment that the service should be limited to prayers, hymns, and extracts from the Scriptures. "Prayers and hymns were," he said, "incapable of a strict definition, and things might be said in the course of a prayer which would be little less objectionable than if they were said in the course of an address." He should, indeed, have put it more strongly; for what is offensive in an ordinary speech becomes infinitely more offensive when supposed to be addressed directly to the Deity. It is a simple and conclusive answer to the whole proposal that not only would the Bill as it stands permit antagonistic and competing services by rival sects, but anything might be passed off under the name of a religious service. We should find Little Bethel in one corner and the Roman Catholics in another. Atheists and Deists, Baptists and Mormons, Positivists and Southcottians, Plymouth Brethren and Free Love Sisters would meet on what would be more correctly described as a licensed battle-field than neutral ground. The churchyard would become the favourite rendezvous of every class of fanatics and charlatans. Anyone who recollects the state of the London parks on a Sunday afternoon when promiscuous preaching was tolerated there, will have a good idea of the use to which the churchyards would be put under Mr. Morgan's Bill. They would be made the scene not only of theological contentions but of political demonstrations. We have already had a taste of Fenian funerals, and our English Democrats, in copying French fashions, would not neglect orations at the grave if they were permitted to deliver them. Moreover, the opening of the churchyards to all and sundry would be only a prelude to the opening of the churches in a similar manner. The "rainy day" argument would certainly be raised, and humanity would be appealed to in order to secure the shelter of a roof for

the dripping mourners. The logical result of these ideas would be an odd development of the idea of a free Church in a free State, for church and churchyards would stand open to everybody who chose to mount the stump there, and preach or pray as he listed.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

VI.

THE Academy proves that landscape-painting is extending its geographic area; it has penetrated Europe, Asia, Africa, and America; art treads in the steps of the pioneer, and what the traveller discovers the painter delineates. If the end of landscape-painting be to widen our knowledge of nature, or to raise our conception of the wonders of creation, that purpose seems likely to be fairly accomplished by the works which year by year crowd our exhibitions. Still, it is to be remembered that art, considered as a scientific register, as a record either of permanent facts or of transient phenomena, labours after nature in vain. Trustworthy registers of thermometers, barometers, rain-gauges, anemometers, and magnetic needles, are necessarily of more scientific value than all the landscapes ever painted. Didactic landscape is, in point of art, as unsatisfactory as didactic poetry. Hence it may be questioned whether modern tendencies in landscape art are not a mistake—in other words, whether the old mode of studying nature is not preferable to the new. Happily both methods coexist within our contemporary school, and thus in this our concluding review of the Academy we shall be able on the one hand to quote works which might serve in illustration of a treatise on physical geography—works topographic and geological—and on the other hand, pictures which venture to pervert facts in order to make the more pleasing pictorial fiction, which dare to cheat the eye in order to satisfy the imagination.

The novelty of the year is a landscape by Mr. Millais, R.A. Curiosity is excited when a figure-painter takes to trees and foreground grass. "Chill October" (14) is at once better and worse than the work of a professed landscape-painter. In the balanced distribution of the masses, in the systematic arrangement of the light and shade, in the subordination of details to general effect, and the adaptation of means to the final end, we recognise the method of a man accustomed to contrive pictures by Academic rule. The dark bank of willows cutting keenly with serrated edge against the grey October sky; the water reeds rustling in the chill wind, starting into the foreground as lances springing from ambush, are animated with intention and action. Yet it must be admitted that the whole work is remarkably sketchy; indeed, to the professed landscape-painter it appears slight and incomplete; the touches repeat themselves, as if the dexterous hand moved too rapidly to change its angle of inclination. The incisive action of the pencil may be compared to the swift and measured movement of a needle in a sewing-machine. Never was so much work got through, so large a surface covered, in so brief a space of time.

The Academy has no first-class landscape-painter; Mr. Lee, R.A., is fortunately absent; Mr. Cooke, R.A., relies on the sails of shipping as much as a figure-painter on costume; and Mr. Hook, R.A., throws on his peasants the responsibility of sustaining the interest of his otherwise unevenly composed compositions. Certainly landscape art within the Academy compares disastrously with the aspect of these rooms when a few months since Turner, Constable, and Calcott showed what the Academy was in the first half of the century. Mr. Vicat Cole, elected to compensate for deficiencies, is in a fair way of being spoilt by honour, and sacrificed to success. Assured of a foremost place, he can afford to shirk work and dispense with study. Yet, as neither weak, florid, nor undefined, a picture called "April Skies" (496) is commendable. The greys, "the great-coat weather" of Constable, Mr. Vicat Cole with advantage tries to emulate. In "A Misty Morning" (201), a mist made Turnersque evades difficulty and dispenses with trouble; the subject is muddled, the painting is rotten. Again, showy expedients, fiery colour, sentiment verging on commonplace, are conspicuous in "Autumn Gold" (52), a large composition which arrests attention as a house on fire. Yet the artist achieves space, distance, atmosphere. Still the art and the knowledge of nature brought to bear are comparatively small. We might quote several works which evince greater study, not to say modesty and moderation, such as "A Surrey Sunset" (1140), and "The Hayfield" (1037), by Mr. J. C. Adams; "The Heat of Day, Loch Achray" (88), by Mr. Smart; "Leigh Downs, Month of April" (524), by Mr. Hastings, &c. We have taken Mr. Vicat Cole as but one example among many of the pernicious influence of power and position. As long as an artist is in the probationary condition of an outsider, he must work hard and study closely; he must guard his talent, health, and youth, otherwise his picture may be thrust out altogether. But once within the pale, position is assured, and prices rise though art may fall. Hence it happens that the best landscapes have for long come from strangers to the Academy. Members, because they are members, can venture to paint as largely and as loosely, as carelessly and as conventionally, as they choose.

When speaking of portraits, we have said that the ugliest men often make the best portraits, and so it frequently happens that the most unpromising of scenes become under art treatment the most effective of landscapes. As a rule, the subject which attracts the amateur repels the artist. Decidedly amateurish in lofty ambition and praiseworthy painstaking is "Mont Blanc,"

from the Valley of Chamounix" (1046), by Sir Robert Collier. In past years Sir Robert Collier used to figure in the Catalogue among "Honorary Members" side by side with "H. Cole, C.B." The works of Mr. H. Cole do not seem to have been very highly esteemed in the Academy; they were usually committed to the "Octagon," otherwise known as "the Black Hole." Indeed, "Honorary Members" in general appear to have come somehow to grief; in other words, they are abolished. It is seldom prudent for dilettanti to place themselves in direct competition with well-trained men. Among anomalies not easily accounted for is the fact that no distinction, honorary or other, has been conferred on Mr. John Linnell, who, now in his eightieth year, exhibits "Rest by the Way" (1031). This venerable painter, over a period of a quarter of a century, has preserved a grandeur of style comparable only to that of the old masters. He has seen the rise and the fall of schools and cliques, and amid changes, some for the better but many for the worse, he remains steadfast to the principles of which his pictures have been and still are the strong and true exponents. Mr. Peter Graham, though his colour is that of lead when compared with Mr. Linnell's hues of gold, has yet a right to stand beside the great masters. His tone is sombre because true to the land of his birth; "The Bridle Path" (442) lies in the midst of Scotch firs, noble in growth and nobly painted. Forest trunks, almost statuesque, are drawn with a firm hand; and the unison maintained proves that the artist works from first to last with a defined purpose. A marked change, indeed, and that for the better, has come over landscape art; each year it is more concentrated—in other words, it is less scattered. Change also is seen from time to time as to choice of subjects; trees studied individually as portraits are not so abundant as formerly, whereas the portraiture of mountains prevails greatly. Trees, however, of various species are by no means neglected; in the pictures of Mr. Hulme and Mr. Leader, as in the sylvan scenes of the late Mr. Creswick, grandly or gracefully grown trees often constitute the chief objects. Few painters have a better notion of a tree than Mr. Anthony; the portrait of an aged oak (101) suggests associations such as gather around a ruined castle. The gnarled trunk is time-worn, storm-beaten; such trees have a lineage and a history. Trees indeed have a character and a bearing which in pictures may be made to hold fellowship with human figures; in a landscape indeed they often stand as beings endowed with a sort of consciousness and personal presence. A landscape-painter of genius will frequently infuse human emotion into inanimate forms. But the habit belonged rather to the old masters than to our modern men. An oak tree, as painted by Mr. Anthony, might be supposed to personify an old man; it is druidical; it totters as a ruin; unfortunately, indeed, the picture altogether is but one remove from chaos. Wholly different in nature and in art is the flickering, silvery "Birch Wood" (330), as delineated by M. Bergh, a Scandinavian artist specially identified with the forests of his native land. Trees, however, as we have said, do not receive the same individual attention as formerly. We fail, for example, to meet with the graceful ash as tenderly pencilled by the late Mr. Creswick. For praiseworthy study, however, we may mention Beech Trees (457), by Mr. Luker; Pines (442), by Mr. Peter Graham; and a Cedar (415), by Mr. MacCallum.

Medievalism, strange to say, invades nature, giving to landscapes and backgrounds quaintness, angularity, and depth of colour. Mr. Donaldson falls into this manner. Mr. Hemy also looks out on the world with an eye shadowed and coloured by medievalism; and thus he imparts solemnity to the commonest materials on "The Shore at Limehouse" (435). This truly remarkable study might take its place in a picture by one of the old German masters. Some other artists when they wish to be impressive fall into monotony; thus Mr. Hayward becomes poetic in "Autumn Eve" (1065), Mr. Davis successfully realises the stillness of "Moonrise" (1052), and Mr. Mason secures to his small pastorals the unison of sonnets. Mr. James Danby degenerates into decorative sunset hues in "The Day after the Gale" (317). Under like ecstatic ardour, Mr. A. W. Hunt incurs the danger of losing form and substance. "Loch Maree" (304), indeed, seems but a sketch magnified and forced up. The ghost of Turner was evidently at the painter's elbow.

The ocean, since the days of Stanfield, Turner, and Copley Fielding, has received much injury. The truest and most spirited study of a sea under storm is a "Gale in the Downs" (1144), by Mr. Henry Moore. The compliment paid at the Academy dinner to the painters of battle ships was, we hope, ironical. Certainly Mr. Beechey and Mr. Johnson have severally done their best (*vide* 98 and 195) to prove that "the wooden walls of old England" are fit only for firewood.

We have almost had enough of what may be called the Academy breed of sheep, cattle, and goats. Mr. Cooper, R.A., usually finds himself on the side of the sheep, while Mr. Ansdell, R.A., seems to prefer the goats. There are cows by Mr. Cooper which, to all appearance, are carved out of wood; others again seem little more than the hides dried, or tanned with the hair on. As a pleasant change from these purely Academic species, we betake ourselves to some "Gazelles" (365), as gracefully delineated by Mr. J. Thomson.

One function of the landscape-painter undoubtedly is to observe and, to portray the grand forms and phenomena of nature. Sublimity is not to be got within the limits of a nutshell; space and magnitude are in art, as in nature, essential to grandeur; high moun-

tains, vast plains, far-reaching horizons are conditions of what has been sometimes called the heroic style of landscape. The Academy contains a noble array of mountain lands. Messrs. Gilbert, Smart, Glendening, Cassie, Hering, Poingdestre, Brett, and Mignot severally and collectively bring into the service of art the geological structure, the vegetative growth, the atmospheric changes of the high regions of the earth. "The Marble Quarries of Carrara" (235), by M. Poingdestre, has been for years under cogitation. The work is mature and careful, but the reverse of strong, especially in the foreground. Yet we have never known so true a rendering of the grand scenery around Carrara. The marble mountains whence the sculptors of all nations get raw material are eminently sculpturesque. These buttresses, pinnacles, and culminating summits, the artist has roundly modelled and sharply chiselled. The hills wherein statues lie, so to say, yet imprisoned, stand out against the sky in monumental symmetry and sculpturesque beauty. The picture is in sensitive response to a lovely phase of nature. Another grand scene, "Etna from the Heights of Taormina" (545), has been laboriously transcribed by Mr. Brett. Yet, like the "Val d'Aosta" of a former year, this is a map rather than a picture; as on a sheet of the trigonometric survey we here distinguish every tree and structure. By a friendly critic it was justly objected that such work is "Mirror's work not man's." It amuses the curious eye; we see as with a microscope a blade of grass, or as through a telescope the distant mountain. The picture is as pleasing as a peepshow. Never has there been a more brilliant manifestation of genius misapplied; the artist undoubtedly shows genius as well as dauntless courage and perseverance. Another equally disastrous example of what may be termed the photographic school of landscape-painting is furnished by Mr. Inchbold. On "The Upper Cliff, Isle of Wight" (1067), may be noted in the recesses of a wood illiputian figures as small as insects, and perched in a tree are blackbirds about the size of blackberries. It is amusing to think of a grown man carrying on this child's play for many years. As far back as 1856 Mr. Ruskin, in his *Notes on the Academy*, designates a landscape by Mr. Inchbold as "one of the most curious efforts of the Pre-Raphaelites"; "take," says the partial critic, "a magnifying glass, and look at the squirrel and bird on the tree high up on the left, and the two birds flying in the wood beyond, and give time to the whole, and it will please you." We hope it would not be wrong for the spectator, if pleased very greatly, to burst into a laugh. One thing which strikes us as a little discouraging is that the bird and squirrel school of landscape-painting admits of no progress; it ends where it began—in the nursery.

Professor Huxley, at the Academy dinner, uttered a sentence which deserves to be recorded as an axiom:—"The purpose of art, as of science, is to seize the idea which lies hidden under the shifting phenomena of nature, and to bind it in such fetters that it may increase the pleasure and the profit of endless generations of men." A landscape is noble in proportion as it seizes on noble ideas and phenomena in nature. An example of such art is "Mount Chimborazo" (368), by M. Mignot. In looking on this not unworthy rendering of a magnificent mountain panorama, we are reminded of the words of Humboldt: boundless treasure yet remains to landscape art in the mountains and valleys of the tropical world; all that has yet been painted fails to exhaust the vast resources in nature of which the landscape artist may yet become possessed.

THE ITALIAN OPERAS.

WE have hitherto been silent as to operatic affairs because till very recently there has been little or nothing to talk about. We again possess two theatres for the performance of what, as things go, might without difficulty be undertaken by one. Nevertheless, anything is better than a monopoly. The public were reasonably suspicious of the result when, in 1869, Mr. Gye having taken Mr. Mapleson into partnership, there was but a single opera. The consequence, a year later, was a second opposition, at Drury Lane, which brought good fruits. Mr. George Wood, the speculator in this instance, Mr. Mapleson still remaining in partnership with the Covent Garden manager, used all efforts to make head against his formidable opponents. He was enterprising enough, indeed, to produce as many as five operas entirely strange to this country, and among them the *Fiegenle Holländer* of Wagner, besides reviving an old opera for Madlle. Christine Nilsson. Further than this, Mr. Wood introduced several new singers of Continental repute, and persuaded M. Faure once more to come to London. What may have been the issue of the undertaking as regards himself it is not our business to inquire; but that habitual frequenters of the Opera were gainers is undoubtedly. On the other hand, Messrs. Gye and Mapleson absolutely brought out an original work (M. Campana's *Esmeralda*), which, whatever its merits or demerits, was new and Italian, and therefore just now a phenomenon. The heroine in this was Madame Adelina Patti, for whom, moreover, Meyerbeer's *Étoile du Nord* was revived. Then, too, the subscribers were presented to Madlle. Mathilde Sessi from Paris, about whose blonde chevelure there had been more said and written than even about her voice or her singing. Despite all this, the alliance between Messrs. Gye and Mapleson was suddenly dissolved; Mr. Wood retired with his laurels, having done as much perhaps in one short season as any manager we could name; and the world was left in the dark about the future prospects of Italian opera in London.

It was not till the early spring of the present year that it became generally known how Drury Lane Theatre was again to tempt the pleasure-seeking public, *grato carmine*, to occupy its boxes, stalls, and galleries, and how Mr. Mapleson was again to be chief controller of its affairs. If any advocate of Covent Garden *quand même*—it being well-known that some of the most renowned artists attached to Mr. Wood's late enterprise had been engaged for the Royal Italian Opera—laughed at the news, he must have laughed, *vitru invito*, when it was announced in the papers, not merely that Drury Lane would open, but that it would open with Sir Michael Costa as "Director of the Music and Conductor."

The operatic season has now pretty nearly reached its zenith; the two houses are in full action, and the contest is evidently a contest *à outrance*. Mr. Gye, as usual first in the field, boasts a company of more than ordinary strength in each department, and one would fancy that at times he must be perplexed how to employ the services of not a few of his best singers. Madame Adelina Patti is again chief *prima donna*, a distinction to which she showed her right some ten years back, and which she has worthily maintained till now. By her side there is Madame Pauline Lucca, who, in spite of her beautiful voice, does not improve as a singer, and yet exhibits more and more earnestness as an actress; Madlle. Sessi, about whom there is nothing new to say; and Madame Miolan Carvalho, with whose once bright and flexible "soprano" time has been mischievously busy. Among the lesser stars are Madame Monbelli—last year at Drury Lane, a brilliant concert-room singer, but scarcely in her proper sphere upon the stage; and Madame Vanzini, the American, who, with a certain degree of vocal talent, yet makes scant progress. Madlle. Oreni, pupil of Madame Viardot Garcia, who appeared here some years ago, was also named in the prospectus, as was Madame Parepa Rosa; but neither has been heard up to this time. The contraltos are Madlle. Scalchi and Madame de Meric Lablache, the latter never unacceptable in the "Dowager" line, while the former, gifted with one of the finest voices imaginable, strives always more and more to cultivate it, and is rapidly attaining perfection in her art. It is enough to name Madame Dell' Anese, Miss Madigan, and Madlle. Corsi, as more or less adequate representatives of the minor characters. In the matter of tenors, baritones, and basses, Mr. Gye, if not equally wealthy as regards quality, is numerically even wealthier. Signor Mario, who heads the list of tenors, is associated with Signors Mongini, Naudin, Bettini, Uri, &c. Moreover, we are promised M. Jourdan, from the Opéra Comique, and Signor Marino, who, though he has filled no higher place here than that of subordinate, is now earning golden opinions abroad. There is also in the prospectus a Signor Paltrineri, of whom, knowing nothing, we can say nothing. The smaller parts are again supported by Signor Rossi and our countryman, Mr. Wilford Morgan. The chief baritones are Signors Graziani and Cotogni; the chief basses Signors Bagaglioli, Ciampi, Capponi and Faure—with Signor Tagliafico, who, though almost voiceless, is still unrivalled in certain "character parts," Signors Fallar and Raguer, as subordinates. The position and capabilities of every one of these are well known. In addition to the singers announced, Signor Rocca, from the Italian Opera Buffa, which at the Lyceum diverted amateurs in the winter, has been heard, once in the *Traviata*, replacing Signor Cotogni as the elder Germont. Further, we have had, as Donna Anna, first Madame Rosa Csillag, then Madame Fabbri, from Frankfort—the former acceptable on account of past favours, the latter less acceptable, inasmuch as, being in no way indebted to her, the audience were indifferent about her antecedents. Madame Fabbri, who is assuredly not without claims to consideration, has come to London fifteen or twenty years too late.

The Covent Garden orchestra, though still numerous, and comprising in its ranks some of the most practised players, native and foreign, is hardly up to the standard which for a long series of years gave to the Royal Italian Opera a fame that was European. Some excellent performers have succeeded, been dismissed, or joined their old chief, Sir Michael Costa, at the other theatre. It was a pity to disturb the equilibrium of so well disciplined a body of instrumentalists, the more so inasmuch as the unwise plan of employing two conductors is persisted in. This year, as last, we have Signors Vianesi and Bevignani, neither of whom seems to have gained much experience. The chorus, if by no means faultless, is on the whole good, and its performances are very effective, the rapidity with which work after work is produced at Covent Garden taken into account.

Since the opening of the theatre on Tuesday, March 28th, no less than 17 operas from the long existing repertory have been given. We append a list of them as they successively came out. *Lucia di Lammermoor* (the same opera with which the season commenced last year, and with the same Lucia—Madlle. Sessi), the *Traviata*, *Guillaume Tell*, the *Figlia del Reggimento*, *Faust e Margherita*, *Don Giovanni*, the *Favorite*, the *Sonnambula*, the *Puritani*, the *Flauto Magico*, the *Barbiere di Siviglia*, the *Huguenots*, *Dinorah*, *Rigoletto*, *Otello*, *Fra Diavolo*, and the *Nozze di Figaro*. To write a sentence which has not been written in one form or another, again and again, about any of these familiar works, would tax the most fertile invention. Such remarks as we have to make must be confined to the performers. Madlle. Sessi is precisely what she was last year. Her Lucia, her Violetta, her Maria, reveal just the same characteristics, no change either for better or for worse being noticeable. Of the three parts the "Traviata" suits her best, although even in this, notwithstanding her unquestionable

talent, her want of facial mobility militates against the impression she might otherwise create. Madile, Sessi's attempt as Zerlina (*Don Giovanni*) was by no means happy; and she received small encouragement from the audience to repeat it. As Susanna (*Le Nozze*) she was more successful. Her best assumption, however, is beyond comparison the Queen of Night, in *Il Flauto Magico*. She can neither look nor act the character, it is true; but she executes both the great airs, "Gli angui d' inferno"—the more difficult of the two, especially—with wonderful ease, her voice being of exceptional range and capability. Madile, Sessi's other part was Gilda (*Rigoletto*), which if, on the whole, perhaps, beyond her capacity, furnishes her, in the quartet of the last scene, with an opportunity of displaying to advantage the bright and penetrating quality of her upper tones. Madame Pauline Lucca is still the wayward little genius with whom everybody is more or less charmed, but with whom no connoisseur is at any time thoroughly satisfied. Madame Lucca has already appeared in several of those characters to which she is most predisposed—Margherita (*Faust*), Leonora (*the Favorita*), Valentine (*the Huguenots*), Zerlina (*Fra Diavolo*), and Cherubino (*Le Nozze*), in which last she figures as a veritable *enfant terrible*. These exhibit the same defects and the same fascinating peculiarities that at times induce even rigid critics to forget how much is wanting. What Madame Lucca was when she first appeared among us, as Meyerbeer's Valentine, she is still, and will in all probability remain, so long as her magnificent voice is under control. The only new part allotted to her this season has been that of Pamina, in the *Flauto Magico*, to which she imparts a certain dramatic significance. But she has yet to appear at her very best, as Selika, in the *Africaine*. Here Madame Lucca is pretty nigh irreproachable. Meyerbeer would have given a fortune for such a Selika, when his last great work was brought out at the "Grand Opéra." True, the impolite and inhospitable Parisians, who laughed at Mario when, but recently, he played Raoul de Nangis at the theatre where, thirty years earlier, he had made his *début* as Robert le Diable, would perhaps have laughed even louder at the French of Madame Lucca; but we are mistaken if the petulant little Teuton, armed with her piquant and original physiognomy, would not have returned with interest the derision of the Lutetians, and in the time of the *Africaine* (not now, of course) have succeeded in teaching them better manners.

Madame Adelina Patti has at length been permitted to add another portrait to her brilliant Gallery. She returned to us in the guise of Amina, which might have been anticipated, and, which might equally have been anticipated, she has played both Rosina and Zerlina (Mozart's Zerlina). She has also appeared in Meyerbeer's shadowy *Dinorah*. But in all these characters, as in others that might be named, she was already known to be unrivalled, and her most sincere admirers have long wished to judge her in something new, whether from the "classic" or the modern repertory. Elvira in the *Puritani* was not the thing wanted, for although Madame Patti sings Bellini's sentimentally florid music as well as it can easily be sung, the part affords no opportunity for the display of that dramatic power which is as remarkable in her as her vocal facility. Moreover, the day for the *Puritani* is gone by; and not even a young and gifted *prima donna*, associated with a young and gifted tenor—either of the two a panacea for the most part irresistible—could restore its ancient prestige. It was not destined to be semipartial, like the operas of Mozart, but rather, like the "beam-like ephemera," to live and glitter for a space, and then die out. In fact the *Puritani* is effete, having no hold upon our present sympathies. We do not say that the new part selected for Madame Patti was the best that might have been selected; for in Rossini's *Otello*, with its undeniably beauties, there is too much to offend every one who reveres Shakespeare. Nevertheless, Desdemona is the one solitary personage, in the book prepared by Rossini's manufacturer of operatic librettos, allowed to preserve in some measure the characteristic lineaments which give her a place among those marvellous creations, "Shakespeare's women." For the last act, moreover, where, until the appearance of Othello, Desdemona is comparatively secluded (Emilia being a mere abstraction), Rossini has composed music with which the poet who wrote the last act of the *Merchant of Venice* would himself have deeply sympathized. Nothing more unaffectedly simple and touching than the long-breathed, seemingly never-ending melody of the "Willow Song"—the legend of the unhappy Isaura—can be cited in the range of modern opera. Admirable as she is throughout the opera, it is here that Madame Patti conspicuously shines. Her singing of the romance, "Assisa a piè d'un salice," with the delicate and masterly embellishments composed expressly for her by Rossini himself, and again of the beautiful prayer, "Deh calma, o Ciel," uttered by Desdemona in solitude, reaches the perfection of art. That Madame Patti's idea of Desdemona would lean to that of Malibran rather than to that of Pasta or Grisi, might have been taken for granted. Indeed, so far as the character and its surroundings, as pourtrayed by Rossini's librettist, will allow, her Desdemona is purely the Desdemona of Shakespeare, and therefore the more to be admired. Madame Patti's new essay was so genuine a success that the manager of the Royal Italian Opera would do well to furnish her with other opportunities in the same direction, instead of limiting her, year after year, to some half-dozen parts in which she has been heard again and again.

The loss of Herr Wachtel, *tenore robusto* of last season, is amply compensated by the gain of Signor Mongini, who can vociferate as obstreperously as Herr Wachtel, who has a far more beautiful

voice, and is happily an Italian, with the purest imaginable Italian accent. This gentleman, in spite of manifest and, we fancy, irreducible defects, is evidently acceptable to the public; and when he sings his loudest, as in the great duet in *Otello* and the greater trio in *Guillaume Tell*, he is always most loudly applauded. It is a pity that, with such superb means, Signor Mongini cannot be a little more self-constrained; but so it has been with him ever since, in 1859, he was first heard in England. He is no longer young, and to look for any improvement in his method now would be Utopian. As Edgardo, Arnold, Faust, Ferdinando, Elvino, Arturo, Raoul de Nangis, the Duke of Mantua (*Rigoletto*), and Otello, all of which parts, with wonderful industry and vigour, he has undertaken this season, he is more or less open to the same criticism. It must be added in fairness, at the same time, that in all of them he has found many admirers.

We are warned that after this season Signor Mario will appear no more. If this be true, we are sorry; for though his voice is what might be naturally expected at his age, Signor Mario is still the most consummate actor on the Italian operatic boards. Whether in serious opera, as in the *Favorita*, or in comic opera, as in the *Barbiere*, he stands alone. Further than this, when Signor Mario happens, which is not seldom, to be in good vein, he sings as no other tenor, Italian or French, can sing; and if it is true that at the end of this month he retires altogether from the stage, we should like very much to know who is to be his successor. Signor Mario's last performance of Ferdinand (*the Favorita*), only the other night, was one of the most splendid combinations of histrionic and vocal power we can remember. To employ a common phrase, it "electrified the house." Genius of this sort is nowadays so rare that we cannot well afford to part with it. The other characters already played by Signor Mario this season have been Faust and Don Ottavio. In the first we had to compare him with Signor Mongini, as also in Ferdinand; in the last we had to compare him with Signor Bettini, as also in *Almaviva*. We forbear from stating the result of these comparisons, which would be scarcely flattering either to Signor Mongini or to Signor Bettini.

The return of M. Faure, now one of the most finished artists on the lyric boards, has given fresh attraction to the operas in which he is concerned. The Mephistopheles, Don Giovanni, and Figaro (*Le Nozze*), of this gentleman are at present unequalled; and every one must have regretted that he did not play Holofernes in *Dinorah*, a part originally composed for him by Meyerbeer, when the work was produced at the Opéra Comique under the title of *Le Pardon de Ploërmel*, and which M. Faure assumed at Covent Garden during the first year of his engagement. Into further details about the various members of Mr. Gye's company we need not enter; what share they have respectively taken in the business of the season may be easily gathered from the list of operas hitherto presented.

Although the season is so far advanced, not one of the promised novelties, not even among those to be looked upon as revivals, has yet been forthcoming. Rossini's *Donna del Lago*, with Madame Adelina Patti as Elena, formed an inviting paragraph in the prospectus; so, to a large number of subscribers, did the *Juive* of Halévy, with Madame Lucca as Rachel. Both had been heard at the theatre which, in 1856, was burned to the ground—the former and better of the two with a cast no longer possible; but this occurred so many years ago (*La Donna del Lago* in 1848, the *Juive* in 1850), that to the actual generation the two works might pass for *bond fide* novelties. Auber's *Diamants de la Couronne*, with Madame Patti as the Portuguese Queen, would meet even with a heartier welcome, inasmuch as this charming work has never yet been produced upon the Italian stage, while the part of Catarina is just suited to the readiest and most versatile of *prime donne*. To admirers of the music of the last century Cimarosa's *Astucie Femminili*, which, lately revived with great success in the country of its composer's birth, has never been heard in England, would be most welcome of all. As every one of these operas, in addition to *Der Freischütz*, with M. Faure as Caspar, is unconditionally advertised in the prospectus as to be "given during the season," subscribers have a right to count upon hearing at least two or three of them. We know what Operatic prospectuses generally mean; but it is cruel to raise up so many agreeable visions if none are absolutely to be realized. There is at any rate, one thing to make this season acceptable to lovers of good music—Mozart's three greatest operas are continually in request, and Rossini's masterpiece, *Guillaume Tell*, has been played more frequently than at any former period. True, the last act of *Guillaume Tell* is now omitted, in consequence of the exhaustion of Signor Mongini's powers before the termination of the third; but even this is better than the distorted version to which we have so many years been accustomed.

For the present, anxiously looking forward to one or more of the promised novelties, we take leave of the Royal Italian Opera, which, we are glad to be informed, is in a prosperous condition. Next week we shall offer some account of the proceedings at Her Majesty's Opera, Drury Lane, at this moment of very considerable interest.

ASCOT.

THE sport on the first day of the Ascot meeting was superior to any that has taken place, or is likely to take place, this year, and any two of the eight races then decided would have made the fortune of an ordinary meeting. The Trial Stakes, as

usual, attracted a large field, including Prince Henry, Tabernacle, Steppe, Blandford, and Sir Hugo. Blandford, who is sufficiently well known, we should say, by this time to lovers of handicaps, is a handsome horse, and ran quite well enough to satisfy his admirers, who are still waiting and hoping for him to distinguish himself in a different class of race. Prince Henry, despite his heavy weight, took up the running half a mile from home, and at the distance appeared to have settled all his opponents; but Sir Hugo, who ran much more stoutly than we expected from his performances at Newmarket, stuck to the leader with great pertinacity, and succeeded in getting up in the last few strides and winning by a head. For a wonder, there was some dissatisfaction expressed at Fordham's handling of Prince Henry; but he knows the horse so well, and his judgment is so rarely at fault, that we prefer to believe that Sir Hugo is a much improved horse, and won on his merits. Tabernacle was a bad third, and would seem to have deteriorated from last year, when ill luck alone more than once deprived him of a good race. The eight runners for the Gold Vase included Idus, Sornette, Captivator, Dutch Skater, and Gertrude, and the public form shown by Idus in the Newmarket Handicap pointed to his ability to carry 8 st. 10 lbs. in this race, the long hill also being an additional point in his favour. He had the misfortune, however, to meet a great strapping three-year-old from the Bothwell stable, named Christopher Sly, who made the whole of the running at an unusually good pace, was never headed, and won in a canter by a length and a half, in such style as to make it questionable whether there are many horses of his year superior to him. Dutch Skater raced three parts of the way with Christopher Sly, when the pace and the weight together were too much for him; and Idus, who went well and lay in a good position to the distance, was eased when it was found he could not overhaul the leader. By this means Sornette, who, as usual, made a waiting race of it, was let up and enabled to finish second. But Idus was unquestionably second best in the race, and would have beaten all except the winner with ease. The first two-year-old race of the week was another hollow victory for Cremorne, who cantered away from his seven antagonists without an effort. Mr. Savile is making hay while the sun shines with his fine, and at present finely-tempered, son of Parnessan; and hitherto his races have been little more than canters for him. Prudence, however, would suggest, with a view to his success as a three-year-old, that he should not be asked to do too much, or to run too often, especially in some of his future engagements in which he will have to carry extra weight.

The great race of the day, for the Prince of Wales's Stakes, only needed the presence of Albert Victor to make of it second Derby. But Mr. Cartwright's horse, though present at Ascot, was struck out of his engagements during the week in the course of the morning. Sufficient were left in, however, to make an intensely interesting encounter, the runners being King of the Forest (5 lbs. extra), Hannah (9 lbs. extra), Bothwell (5 lbs. extra), Sterling and Digby Grand (each 3 lbs. extra), Noblesse, Ripponden (allowed 7 lbs.), and Cleveland and Penniless with a similar allowance. Considering how well Ripponden ran in the Derby, and that he was now meeting King of the Forest on 12 lbs. better terms, the race appeared a certainty for him if he would only run generously. He looked wonderfully fit and well, and no horse could have had so fair a chance of achieving a maiden victory. We distrusted the ability of Hannah to carry so heavy a penalty in such company—of a very different class from the creatures she beat in the One Thousand and the Oaks—and we did not think the long hill at the finish would suit Digby Grand. Sterling, of course, would run well up to a certain point, and then fail for want of stamina; and Cleveland must have improved wonderfully since the Craven Meeting at Newmarket to beat the winners of the Two Thousand and the Oaks and the second in the Derby. As in the great Epsom race, Digby Grand went off with the lead, which he maintained for rather more than a mile, Cleveland being his nearest attendant. Ripponden, despite his advantage in the weights, did not stick so closely to Digby Grand as in the Derby, but he was always in a good place, and, as it seemed to us, was being husbanded, perhaps judiciously, for the hill. Reliance was evidently placed on Hannah's staying powers, for she was kept quite in the background till making the turn into the straight. At the distance there were only three, Hannah, Ripponden, and King of the Forest, left to fight out the struggle, and Mr. Savile's horse was going well enough to justify the hope of his lenient weight bringing him in first. He gave it up, however, as soon as King of the Forest fairly challenged him, and the King, running with his invariable gameness and willingness, won, with something to spare, by half a length, Ripponden being a head only in front of Hannah. Sterling was fourth, and Bothwell, who never looked formidable at any moment, finished fifth, close to Cleveland. Many people may have thought that Ripponden tried more than usual in this race, but we are of opinion that he ran as robustly as usual at the finish. Otherwise we cannot see how King of the Forest could have given him 12 lbs. and a 5 lb. beating beside. Setting aside the Champagne and the Two Thousand, from neither of which could any conclusion be drawn, King of the Forest did not give him a stone beating in the Derby. Thus, the result of the Prince of Wales's Stakes, while being a fresh confirmation, if confirmation was needed, of King of the Forest's game straightforward running, may serve somewhat to reduce the exaggerated laudations that have been bestowed on the performances of Hannah.

Collaterally, also, both Albert Victor and Favonius must profit by the merit of King of the Forest's Ascot victory.

The field for the Ascot Stakes, if large, was anything but good. Out of the sixteen runners Rosicrucian was quite a Triton among the minnows. Clos Vougeot, indeed, Violet, and one or two more have shown respectable form, but Palmerston's head victory over Noblesse at Newmarket was a very poor reason for trusting him to get anywhere near Rosicrucian at a difference of 7 lbs. only for the two years between them. We are aware of a prevalent belief that Rosicrucian is not a very good stayer, and his race at Chester has been mentioned in support of this argument; but we think the Chester Cup race ought to have told a very different tale. It was very clear there that Wells, who has had painful experience of the perils of that wretched circus course, was reasonably anxious about his own neck; and when, early in the race, the usual accidents began, and Indian Ocean was knocked head over heels, he very judiciously kept his horse out of the way of danger. Under such circumstances, it was not possible for Rosicrucian to win; but any one who saw the extraordinary amount of lost ground he made up in the last three-quarters of a mile must have formed a pretty clear conclusion that he was not beaten by the distance, and that in a fair course he would compass two miles or more with the greatest ease. Whether he is seen at his best on a long course is another matter; perhaps not, but at any rate he can do two miles and a half well enough to dispose of such opponents as he had against him last Tuesday with the greatest ease. It struck us, though it might have been a fancy, that Wells had to rouse him up a mile from home to keep him in his place; but directly he got round the corner, and after one slight failure got through his horses, quality and a superior turn of speed told, and the race was over. We never saw a large field so instantaneously, so hopelessly beaten. There was no effort on the part of any one to challenge Rosicrucian, who came on by himself and won as he pleased by six lengths. Palmerston was second, and the performance of Mr. Crawford's horse was neither better nor worse than might have been expected under the circumstances. In the last race of the day Normanby accomplished a clever victory over Kingcraft, Claudius, and Champion, thus confirming a well-known Turf axiom, that horses have an unaccountable habit of winning over particular courses. Last year, it will be remembered, over this same course Normanby disposed of Sunshine as easily as on the present occasion he defeated the Derby winner of 1870.

The special attractions of the Wednesday and Thursday in Ascot week are the Royal Hunt Cup and the Gold Cup; the former, though appearing to be a scramble, generally falling to some carefully reserved animal, whose racing merits are not very great, but who has been fortunate in the handicapping. This year a six-year-old won, with the heavy impost of 6 st. 6 lbs., while a good honest three-year-old like Jack Spigot was made to carry about two stone more. After long and weary waiting, the patience of Valuer's owner and trainer has been rewarded; but the honours of the race must rest with Jack Spigot, who carried his 8 st. 5 lbs. well to the front, and finished a good third. A match has since been made between him and Favonius, at even weights, over the last mile and a half of the Cesarewitch Course, and should it come off, as proposed, in the autumn, it will be one of the most interesting events of the year.

The Gold Cup, as had been anticipated, was won in splendid style by Mortemer; Verdure, another French-bred animal, being second, and Bothwell third. Siderolite, Agility, Kingcraft, and Gertrude were the other runners. Siderolite, why we know not, forced the running at a good pace, and held a long lead for two miles. Probably this prevented him from making an effort in the last quarter of a mile. Agility, though built on too small a scale to contend at weight for age against a horse of such tremendous stride as Mortemer, held a forward position throughout the race, and Bothwell improved considerably on his recent performances. But Mortemer was never really called upon to exert himself, and this handsome trophy has been secured by a horse whose merits were perhaps not exaggerated when he was called the best in Europe. We must reserve a fuller notice of the racing on the last three days till next week.

REVIEWS.

LIGHTFOOT ON THE REVISION OF THE ENGLISH NEW TESTAMENT.*

DR. LIGHTFOOT, whose preferment to a canonry of St. Paul's was recently hailed with the genuine satisfaction of all who esteem modest and sterling worth, has been till very lately the only theologian of first-rate reputation resident at Cambridge these many years past. His lectures as Hulsean Professor of Divinity have powerfully influenced the young men that have flocked to listen to them, while his scholarlike and thoughtful editions of some of the Pauline Epistles and of the remains of the Roman Clement have recalled to older students the happier times when his University was still the highest school and the favourite home of Biblical learning in England. It would have been a strange oversight indeed if such a man had not been called upon to bear his part in the scheme for the revision of the Authorised

* *On a Fresh Revision of the English New Testament.* By J. B. Lightfoot, D.D., Canon of St. Paul's, and Hulsean Professor of Divinity, Cambridge. London and New York : Macmillan & Co. 1871.

Version of the Bible matured just twelve months ago; and the brief but masterly volume which we are now reviewing was in substance written during the interval between his acceptance of the invitation and the first meeting of the New Testament Company, of which he is a distinguished member. Though published so many months later, it originally took the form of a paper, prepared to be read before a clerical meeting, and printed at the request of those to whom it was first addressed.

We have been careful to specify the exact nature of Professor Lightfoot's work, that no one may expect to find in it what it does not contain, and indeed could not with propriety and good taste have contained—a summary of the progress hitherto made by his colleagues in their difficult and delicate task. His observations are purely prospective, looking forward to and paving the way for improvements yet to be made, not retrospective criticisms upon labours even provisionally accomplished. Compared with the kindred publication of the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol (his *Considerations on the Revision of the English Version*, which we noticed in our number of June 18, 1870), there will be found much resemblance between the two books, with certain marked differences due to the differing characters and positions of the men. Both have devoted some of their best years to the study of the New Testament, and have contributed powerfully to render a revision of our public version a pressing necessity for this age of free inquiry. Dr. Lightfoot is, beyond question, the more exact Greek scholar (in this respect, indeed, he has very few living rivals), while his composition bears the marks of more elaborate care and fuller consideration; Bishop Ellicott, in nowise his inferior for extent of reading or the power of applying it, excels in that genial frankness which enlists and retains the sympathy of those he addresses. The Professor discusses the whole question impartially, as viewed from without by one who had hitherto taken no share in it; he approves of the attempt because its end is worthy and the means adopted commend themselves to his judgment. By the Bishop the design is regarded like a favourite child, which, even if it owed not its birth to him (as we strongly suspect to be the case), has been fostered from infancy by his tender care, and has hardly yet grown able to dispense with it altogether. Canon Lightfoot has presented us with a valuable and most interesting literary exercise; the Bishop of Gloucester's pages are full of practical suggestions, of warnings against excess, of antidotes to coward fears, of encouragement for the colleagues who are girding themselves for a long and weary conflict with ignorance and prejudice.

Dr. Lightfoot's volume opens with one of the closest and most instructive historical parallels that can be imagined. What the chosen revisers of our vernacular Bible have now on hand, was attempted and completed by St. Jerome for the Western Church in the latter part of the fourth century. The primitive Latin version of Scripture then in use had taken as firm a hold on the memory and affections of Christians in Italy and Africa as King James's Bible has upon English-speaking nations throughout the world. It was far less faithful to the sacred originals than our translation was ever supposed to be even by its severest impugners. In fact, the Old Testament was not rendered into Latin from the Hebrew at all, but from the Greek Septuagint, whose faults are legion, and whose style often degenerates into a loose paraphrase. Hence the changes which Jerome was forced to introduce into the larger portion of his work were sure from their nature and extent to excite serious alarm; of the Hebrew Scriptures he constructed rather a new translation than a revision in the most liberal sense of the term. The outcry which ensued he distinctly foresaw, and prepared to meet with his habitual firmness, often tempered, it must be added, with a forbearing gentleness which we might have deemed alien to his rude and harsh nature. Our author dwells at length on the opposition Jerome had to encounter from friends and foes alike, the captious objections and slanderous insinuations he was content to endure in a good and holy cause, and the slow but sure progress made by his performance in general estimation; until, when almost two centuries had elapsed, it became, after undergoing modifications too slight for notice here, the Latin Vulgate Bible of the whole Western Church, the earlier and unrevised version being completely superseded, and surviving only in obscure corners of a few public libraries, chiefly in Northern Italy. We will now let Dr. Lightfoot speak for himself:—

All history is a type, a parable. The hopes and the misgivings, the failures and the successes, of the past reproduce themselves in the present; and it appeared to me that at this crisis, when a revision of our English Bible is imminent, we might with advantage study the history of that revised translation which alone among Biblical versions can bear comparison with our own in its circulation and influence. And, first of all, in the gloomy forebodings which have ushered in this scheme for a new revision we seem to hear the very echo of those warning voices which happily fell dead on the ear of the resolute Jerome. The alarming consequences which some anticipate from any attempt to meddle with our time-honoured version have their exact counterpart in the apprehensions by which his contemporaries sought to deter him. The danger of estranging diverse Churches and congregations at present united in the acceptance of a common Bible, and the danger of perplexing the faith of individual believers by suggesting to them variations of text and uncertainties of interpretation—these are now, as they were then, the twin perils by which it is sought to scare the advocates of Revision.

That the parallel thus pointedly drawn between the single-handed enterprise of "the resolute Jerome" and the scheme of Biblical revision now in progress may hold good in argument and in fact, two conditions are obviously indispensable—first, that a real necessity for the undertaking should plainly exist in the judgment of all competent scholars; secondly, that it should be carried

out in a careful, impartial, reverential spirit by persons not unequal to so grave a charge. On the latter topic little can be said at present more than this—that the members of both the Old and the New Testament Companies have been selected after anxious deliberation; that while (as was fit and reasonable) the majority of each Company is composed of clergy of the National Church, of her bishops, doctors, and best-known writers on Biblical subjects, no considerable denomination of Nonconformists, either here or in Scotland, is unrepresented; that now for a whole year these men have devoted themselves to their task with such cheerful and unspiring diligence, with such Christian harmony, as could never be manifested unless their employment had been to each one of them his most congenial occupation, the source of his chief earthly joy. For the rest, they deprecate nothing except unseasonable criticism grounded on partial or mistaken information; and reserve to themselves up to the very eve of publication the full right of reconsidering and of recasting whatsoever may now stand in their first private and provisional revision.

To establish firmly the other point—namely, the strong and indeed the paramount necessity for amending our existing Authorised Version—is the main purpose of Canon Lightfoot's volume, as it had been of Bishop Ellicott's work which we noticed last year, and of Archbishop Trench's earlier but still valuable publication on the same interesting subject; a subject which is indeed so large that each of these accomplished writers has rather opened it than exhausted any one of its several divisions. Dr. Lightfoot, with whom we are more immediately concerned, reduces the defects of King James's New Testament—neither he nor his compeers venture to touch upon the Old—under the seven distinct heads of (1) False Readings; (2) Artificial Distinctions created by the translators; (3) Real Distinctions obliterated by them; (4) Faults of Grammar; (5) Faults of Lexicography; (6) Unskilful Treatment of Proper Names and Official Titles; (7) Archaisms retained which are now unintelligible to ordinary readers, defects in the English, errors of the press, and such like miscellaneous matters. The examples alleged under each of these several heads are not only very instructive in themselves, but bring home to persons who have little or no knowledge of the original languages in which Scripture was written a general, yet not indistinct knowledge, as well of the conditions of the problem as of the safest and most satisfactory methods of solving it.

The false readings of the original (1), as might readily have been anticipated, have cost the Company of New Testament revisers more trouble and anxiety than any other portion of their labours. The general principles or instructions under which they act expressly direct "that the text to be adopted be that for which the evidence is decidedly preponderating"; but, like other general rules, they have not been found of easy application. Decidedly preponderating evidence, indeed, does exist in not a few cases, regarding which no well-informed critic any longer entertains a lingering doubt. Such instances are the citation from Ps. xxii. 18 which has been interpolated into Matt. xxvii. 35 from its right place in John xix. 24; the formal confession of faith as a condition of baptism, Acts viii. 37—a passage, however, which was cited by Irenaeus in the second century; and the more famous, but manifestly unguenuine, text of the Three Heavenly Witnesses, 1 John v. 7, 8. Elsewhere, however, though important doctrine is happily but rarely involved in places where the reading is doubtful, we have to find our way as we can through a mass of conflicting evidence, both external and internal. At one time the majority of manuscripts and ancient versions, at another a small minority of the oldest and best of them, preserve what, from its suitability to the context or for other reasons, we are persuaded to be the very language of the sacred writer; nor is there any better solution of the difficulty than to examine each case as it arises purely on its own merits, guided of course by that familiar acquaintance with the character of the witnesses and the bearing of their testimony which long experience and careful observation can alone bestow. That the translators of our earlier Bibles, from Tyndale down to 1611, when our existing version appeared, should have gone pretty far wrong in the matter of various readings, was inevitable from the limited knowledge of criticism attainable in their times. The happy discovery of one of our first-class authorities, the Codex Sinaiticus, as lately as 1859, and our more exact acquaintance with a second, the Codex Vaticanus, to say nothing of other important information scarcely yet fully digested, have united to produce within the last few years what is little less than a revolution in the science of Biblical criticism.

King James's translators had only themselves to blame for the want of consistency indicated under Dr. Lightfoot's next two divisions (2 and 3), wherein he condemns their too frequent practice of rendering the same Greek word by several different English words, or making the same English do service for several Greek. This is universally confessed to be the gravest error they have committed, and though partly inherited from their predecessors, it would appear from their Epistle to the Reader, now seldom reprinted, to have been adopted of deliberate purpose for the sake of giving every honest English word a fair chance of being used in the Bible. How effectually such a haphazard plan of dealing with so nice an instrument of thought as language must throw an air of obscurity over the simplest passages, while it obliterates all refined distinctions and blunts the force of logical sequence, has been abundantly shown, not only by Dr. Lightfoot, but by all who have touched, however lightly, upon the subject. We have before us a very talling *Populus* to

position of the *Needs and Limits of Revision*, just delivered in the form of a lecture by G. S. Barrett, B.A., a Congregationalist Minister at Norwich. "Why should one and the same Greek word," he asks, "occurring altogether only twenty-seven times in the whole of the New Testament, be rendered in seventeen different ways in those twenty-seven times? Who would dream that in all these verses . . . we have one and the same Greek word used?" If the reader will look out *καράπιτα* in that most useful book *The Englishman's Greek Concordance*, he will see at once what Mr. Barrett means. Hardly less striking are Dr. Lightfoot's observations on the double rendering of the "Paraclete" and its verbal affinities, wherein the true sense of "Advocate," adopted in 1 John ii. 1, is thrown into the shade by the less proper term "Comforter" in the Gospel of the same Evangelist (pp. 50-56). For the confusion engendered by the opposite practice of translating two wholly different Greek words by a single English equivalent, no better example can well be given than the importing into the Apocalyptic vision of the self-same term "beast," as well to represent the celestial "living creatures" (*ζῷα*, ch. iv. 6, 7, &c.) as the hellish symbolism (*θηρία*) in the later chapters (ch. xi. 7; xiii. 1, &c.) of a book which is in itself sufficiently difficult without the accessory obstacle of slovenly translation.

Of his next two divisions, those relating to faults of grammar and of lexicography (4 and 5), the latter are far from numerous, inasmuch as our translators had large resources on which to draw, which have not been greatly increased in modern times. Sometimes, however, we light upon inconsistencies of rendering, arising from "the incongruity" (p. 136, note 2) of assigning different parts of the New Testament to different persons; as when for *πτώσις* in Mark iii. 5 we have "hardness" correctly in the text, and the mistaken alternative "or blindness" in the margin, while in Rom. xi. 25, Eph. iv. 18, the text and margin of St. Mark are made to change places. But these and like blemishes in regard to the meaning of single words occur only here and there; the vast superiority of our grammatical knowledge over that of the best scholars of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, whether in regard to accuracy or to precision, must needs affect every page of a revision executed by men at all up to their work. Nothing can be more capricious and unscientific than the treatment experienced by the Greek article at the hands of early translators. It is sometimes represented by the English indefinite article, occasionally by the demonstrative pronoun "that," an exaggerated rendering, as Dr. Lightfoot calls it (p. 102), which is apt to suggest a radically false idea, as in John i. 21, where *ὁ προφῆτης*, "the prophet," so familiar to the Messianic notions of the Jews, is set in the text "that prophet," but in the margin "*a prophet*," as though it might as well mean the one as the other. The Greek tenses, also, are handled so loosely that the changes required on their account are yet more considerable. Thus, in spite of much violence done to the sense, we have the imperfect *διεκώλψει*, "would have hindered," translated "forbade" in Matt. iii. 14; *οὐβίβυνται*, the present, "are gone out," quite absurdly, in Matt. xxv. 8, while the correct meaning "are going out" (in substance given by Tyndale's "go out") is banished to the margin. In Luke xviii. 12 we find *κτηνάμενος*, "I possess" (which would be *κτηνάμενος*), instead of "I gain," though the Jew was well known to give tithes of his income, not of his capital. In complicated constructions, especially when they involve dependent clauses, the defects of King James's Bible are very conspicuous, and are all the more excusable as the true philology of the Greek language is a science of our own age, which scarcely had any existence a century ago.

We have left ourselves small space for dwelling on Dr. Lightfoot's other divisions, whether relating to proper names, titles, weights, measures, or coins (6), or to the style and form of the English language proper in a revised version (7). In regard to the names of persons, it is obvious that those which are familiar to us from reading the Old Testament should retain in the New the same precise forms; whether these be strictly correct or not will matter little. Hence any fresh revision of the New Testament would exhibit "Isaiah" not "Esaias," "Elijah" not "Elias," "Elisha" not "Eliseus," "Hosea" not "Osee," and would by all means rid itself of the very misleading "Jesus" for "Joshua" in Acts vii. 45 and Heb. iv. 8. How to deal with weights or measures or coins is a harder question, and we have been told (though we will not vouch for the fact) that there was once a disposition in the New Testament party to adopt *denier* as the equivalent for the Latin *denarius*, until the word was fairly laughed down by the good sense of the Company. At any rate it will be necessary to find some method of marking that "a measure of wheat for a penny" (Rev. vi. 6) is an indication of excessive scarcity, not, as it might easily seem, of great abundance. The use of archaisms, or expressions once well understood but now obscure or even suggestive of error, which is Dr. Lightfoot's last point, will give no considerable trouble. When they have really that effect, they must meet with no quarter, inasmuch as the prime requisite of a version is that it should be intelligible. Thus since by "carriages" we no longer understand the "burden" or "thing carried," but rather the vehicle that bears them, St. Paul and his followers should no longer "take up their carriages and go to Jerusalem" (Acts xxi. 15), even though the untoward alteration may deprive some future William Huntington, S.S., of a comfortable equipage provided for him after the apostolic model by the zeal of an admiring flock. When however a word or expression, now grown somewhat antiquated, is too plain to be readily mistaken, then we may pronounce the archaism "innocent" (p. 171), nay, even praiseworthy. "They twain shall be one flesh," and Peter's

tongue shall "bewray" him, without let or objection, for "there is no disposition in the present age to alter the character of our version. The stately rhythm and the archaic colouring are alike sacred in the eyes of all English-speaking people" (p. 170).

We must now take a reluctant leave of this charming and instructive little volume. If, as its author fears, "there is at least some reason to forbode that Greek scholarship has reached its height in England, and that henceforth it may be expected to decline," it has before it a vigorous and hale old age so long as he and a few others of his band of revisers are yet spared to us. Of the scheme of revision whose principles he discusses it is either too late or too early to speak. "Dangers have threatened it, which have been happily averted. And, as far as present appearances can be trusted, the momentary peril has resulted in permanent good, for the Company has been taught by the danger which threatened it to feel its own strength and coherence. There is every prospect that the work will be brought happily and successfully to a conclusion" (Preface, p. vii.). It is confidence like this that forces fortune and commands success.

ANNO DOMINI 2071.*

THIS little book is a translation from the Dutch, and, as we learn from the translator's preface, has already passed through three editions in its native dress, and has received the further honours of a translation into German. We will not prophesy whether it is likely to meet with the same prosperity in English. It is not badly written; it is not too long; and it is therefore possible that it may strike the popular fancy. Nobody, we should suppose, has hitherto discovered a reason why some fortunate combination of circumstances occasionally gives an entirely disproportionate run of luck to a song or a pamphlet which at other times would scarcely succeed in attracting notice. It may therefore happen that *Anno Domini 2071* will be more successful than its numerous competitors in the same department of literature. We do not ourselves augur for it so great a success, but we may venture to make it a text for one or two remarks on the tendencies which it illustrates. A short time ago we reviewed a book called *The Coming Race*; and *Anno Domini 2071* is the same thing in smaller compass. It is not so original nor so good in point of style, but the resemblance between the two is in some respects instructive. The formula by which these and other books are constructed is easily stated. Society is, or ought to be, in a state of continuous progress. In whatever respects we differ from our forefathers in the year 1671, our descendants in the year 2071 will differ from us. To put it in the language of Euclid, we have only to join any two points in history by a straight line and produce it indefinitely to discover the course of futurity. This doctrine may be described as prophecy made easy. That it is not an exhaustive or accurate account of the phenomena may indeed be easily demonstrated. If a similar dogma had prevailed, for example, just before the appearance of Christianity, it would have led to deceptive conclusions. The gradual spread of the Roman Empire over the whole world would have been one inference, and another might have been the simple disappearance of all genuine religious belief. What really happened could have suggested itself to no one. In the same way, if we select properly the standing point of the prophet, we might make the gradual triumph of the Papacy, or the conquest of Europe by Mahomedanism, or the universal rule of France or of Spain, appear to be among the inevitable events of the future. It would be easy to suggest any number of cases in which a particular intellectual or social change seemed to be destined to the conquest of the whole earth. Dynasties and doctrines have periods of development, culmination, and decay; and if you select any part of the ascending period, the simple formula we are discussing would of course imply that they were destined to unlimited triumph. People who attempt to look forward generally forget this obvious teaching of past experience. They assume, for example, as an ultimate and indisputable fact, that we shall continue to become more and more democratic. We do not mean to assert the contrary, but it is hard to see on what grounds this doctrine can be so confidently maintained. Why should there not come a period at which the democratic forces will, in American language, be "played out," and society be reconstructed on some new principle? We seem already in some respects to have got to the bottom of the hill, and it is difficult to see how we are to get much further. When the social surface has been thoroughly reduced to one dead level, is it not probable that a new order of distinctions will begin to make themselves manifest, and that that reconstruction of which we hear so much and see so little will at last become palpable? A new process of crystallization should follow the complete decomposition; and it would be much more interesting if the creators of fresh Utopias could throw light upon the new order of things which is to emerge from chaos at some distant period, instead of simply following out the tendencies of the day to what is supposed to be their logical conclusion.

There is, after all, a singular want of imagination about these writers' mode of penetrating the future. In one of the chapters of this little book, for example, we have the usual anticipations in regard to women's rights. The suffrage, it seems, had been con-

* *Anno Domini 2071*. Translated from the Dutch by Dr. A. V. W. Bikkens. London: W. Tegg. 1871.

ceded to women with a property qualification, and then the qualification had been abolished. Then it had struck somebody that there was no logical justification for confining the suffrage to persons who were of age. Gradually the limit was pushed down, till at last even babies were to be admitted to the franchise. As, unfortunately, many of the new voters could neither walk nor talk, a question arose as to how their privileges should be exercised. The agitation which was convulsing the world in the year 2071 turned upon the claim of the mothers to give two votes in such cases, one for themselves and one for the infant. "Inexorable logic," as it is called, generally means a process of reasoning by excluding all the most essential facts of the case; and, in fact, merely implies an abnormal insensibility to the *reductio ad absurdum*. We hope that our descendants will not be so idiotic as to give way to arguments of the character described. And yet the one idea of most of the legislators of Utopia seems to be founded on this hypothesis. Their whole programme consists in variations upon two statements—our descendants are to enjoy absolute equality amongst men, women, and children; and they are to invent some kind of superlative of the steam-engine. In the year 2071 some mode of obtaining force will have been discovered which it is impossible to explain to our benighted intellects, but which will have released us from dependence upon our rapidly disappearing coal-fields. Streets will be perpetually lighted by something infinitely superior to gas; the temperature of our towns will be maintained at an agreeable and steady height; photographs will be taken in the natural colours; voyages will be made in balloons; there will be universal free-trade; war will disappear in consequence of the deadly nature of the new weapons to be invented; and, in short, we shall inhabit a kind of paradise of civil engineers. This is all very well; but we venture to ask whether human beings will be substantially different in any way? The information given upon most points is vague; we are told nothing, for example, as to the predominant form of religion, or as to the philosophical or artistic theories which will survive in the struggle for existence. The one great fact is universal suffrage—with some of its obvious corollaries. The author does not particularly wish it, as may be supposed from the passage already noticed. He thinks that women will not be materially happier or wiser, and that they will lose a great deal of domestic comfort when they have secured the supposed rights for which they are contending. Indeed, he appears to hold that human beings will not be in any respect much wiser or more sensible than they are at the present moment.

We only notice one very decided change for the better beyond the abolition of war, and that is the discovery that competitive examination is not the solution of all possible difficulties. It is perhaps worth noting that the Dutch as well as ourselves are beginning to perceive that that hobby has been ridden pretty nearly to death. This, however, is by the way. The more general conclusion of this, as of other books on the subject, appears to be the simple one that every man, woman, and child will have a vote. The progress made in applied science by our descendants in the course of centuries will undoubtedly be enormous; but if their only political success is to be that they will have reached the bottom of the hill which we are descending so rapidly, we do not think the rate of progress much to their credit. Perhaps the forecast may be true; knowledge comes, as we know, but wisdom lingers; and the only material change in the world may be, that society will be more monotonous, with fewer interests, no grievances, and an abundant supply of steam-engines. Yet if we may throw out a suggestion to future contributors to the same branch of literature, we should like to see their ingenuity taxed in a different direction. The scientific part of the future Utopia is easily arranged; balloons and improved telegraphs are easily suggested; but how as to the moral and intellectual progress of the race? Are we really doomed, as Mr. Mill appears to consider probable, to become steadily duller, and to have all individuality crushed out of us by the tyranny of the majority? or may we hope that some kind of reaction will take place? To paint a state of society in which the moral and intellectual standard should be materially raised, of course involves a much greater effort of the imagination than simply to propose a few changes of organization. Yet even in this last respect, surely the mind of man may conceive of something a little less commonplace than a kind of exaggerated America. Could not our Utopians, for example, conceive of some form of government in which legislation should be carried on by people who really understand the questions involved, and not by a number of gentlemen who are chosen because they can make speeches or treat intelligent constituents to beer? To make laws is surely a trade requiring some skill, and therefore some considerable period of apprenticeship; and nobody can even imagine that our present system has any tendency to secure those who are really the greatest proficients in the art. Following out that suggestion, we should probably find that the difficulty of female suffrage would be solved by nobody having a vote at all. Some mode would surely be found in Utopia of taking the necessary safeguards against tyranny without resorting to so clumsy a machinery for discovering legislative ability. Surely, again, there must be some alternative to the only result which seems to be contemplated by our volunteer prophets in regard to women's rights generally. They seem to take for granted that all legal distinctions founded on sex will be speedily swept away; and further, that this is equivalent to making women into a kind of second-rate men. And yet the last seems to be a very untrustworthy step in the argument. How do we know that there would not spring up a

stronger public sentiment than ever against women mixing in masculine affairs when once the freshness had worn out of the experiment? Although the line of demarcation might not be drawn precisely where it is drawn at present, and might not be enforced by positive legislation, it by no means follows that it would not be as deep as ever, and that a certain division of labour would not spontaneously take place between the sexes. The breaking down of partition walls is merely a first step, and may mean little or nothing; the terms on which the persons on opposite sides of them would meet cannot be so easily settled, and thus a wide field is open to the speculations of Utopians.

The fact is, however, that all these dreams are little more than illustrations of the old truth that it is impossible even for fine intellects to soar very far above the solid ground of experience. When we are most laboriously endeavouring to be idealists, we do little more than change the outside mask, and it is easy to recognise the old characters, however elaborately they try to disguise themselves. If a dog could invent a Utopia it would only be a very big kennel, with plenty of meat and entire absence of whips; and the human imagination does not seem to be capable of rising very much further above the bare facts. At any rate it seems to us that, when we had once got over the novelty of travelling in a balloon, we should find that Europe in 2071 was almost identical with Europe in 1871.

CURTIIUS'S HISTORY OF GREECE.—VOL. III.*

(Second Notice.)

WE have already pointed out more than one passage in Curtius's History in which we hold that Mr. Grote's treatment far surpasses his in judgment and accuracy. We have another passage to speak of, in which Curtius distinctly calls Mr. Grote's views in question, and in so doing shows that he altogether misunderstands them. This is with regard to the treatment of the generals after the battle of Arginusae. Of this matter we have two accounts, that of Xenophón and that of Diodórus, besides a few allusions in Lysias and in Xenophón himself at a later stage. Xenophón is contemporary, but his account is thoroughly unsatisfactory and unfair on the face of it. This is allowed even by those who, like Bishop Thirlwall, are inclined to put more faith in it than Mr. Grote does. Diodórus wrote long after, and was thoroughly stupid and careless, but he had original writers before him whom we have not. The allusions in Lysias and in the later speech of Tharamenés in Xenophón himself are incidental allusions in the speeches of orators, and every student of Grecian history knows how commonly such allusions are quite inaccurate, even when made very soon after the events. And inaccuracy of this kind is certainly not confined to Athenian debates. Our materials then, though fairly full, are by no means good in quality, and we must make use of our own judgments upon them. One thing however is perfectly plain, that the sentence by which the generals died was monstrously illegal. All the forms of Athenian jurisprudence were trampled under foot. By Athenian law each man ought to have been tried separately before a sworn court; he ought to have been heard in his own defence, and to have been convicted or acquitted by a vote of the judges which touched himself only. Instead of this, the whole body of accused men were condemned by a single vote of the unsworn Assembly, and they were not heard in their own defence, except so far as some at least of them had spoken on the subject in an earlier debate. The generals in short died by a Bill of Attainder, very much like those which gladden the heart of Mr. Froude. It is perfectly plain that, if any of us had been present in the Assembly, we should have voted against the proposal of the Senate, and for the amendment of Euryptolemos, who demanded that the generals should be fairly tried according to law. But this does not at all prove whether, if we had sat on a court for trying any one of the generals, we should have acquitted or convicted him. These two questions are perfectly distinct; but Mr. Grote seems to have been the only writer who thoroughly distinguishes them. The utter injustice of the vote by which the generals died is plain on any showing, and Mr. Grote asserts it as strongly as any man. But as to the circumstances which led the people to this unhappy vote, as to the probable guilt or innocence of the generals themselves, our accounts are confused and contradictory, and it is not wonderful if different readers of the story come to different conclusions. Mr. Grote comes to one conclusion; Curtius or any other man has a perfect right to come to another. Mr. Grote does not see any elaborate oligarchical plots on the part of Tharamenés for the destruction of the generals or anybody else; he looks on the people as led away by vehement family feelings. He points out—what many have failed to see, though Curtius does see it—that what the generals were charged with was not merely neglecting to take up dead bodies for burial—though that alone, according to Greek religious ideas, was a heinous crime—but leaving their wounded and drowning comrades to perish. And he accepts as genuine the lamentations and accusations of the kinsfolk of the forsaken men, who are commonly represented as being no kinsfolk at all, or at any rate as being stirred up and bribed by Tharamenés. Now on this last point a plain rule of criticism came in. Xenophón mentions that certain mourners appeared; so does Diodórus.

* *The History of Greece.* By Professor Dr. Ernst Curtius. Translated by Adolphus William Ward, M.A. Vol. III. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1870.

But Xenophón adds, while Diodórus does not, that these mourners were not real mourners, but people set to work by Theramenés. Mr. Grote shows the impossibility of the story in itself. Besides this, the appearance of the mourners was a fact about which there could be no doubt; that they were bribed by Theramenés was a surmise, about which Xenophón or anybody else might be mistaken, and which the writers whom Diodórus followed did not accept. So again a certain man came forward (*παρῆστε*) in the Assembly, saying that he had, in the wreck, saved himself on a meal-tub, &c. &c. Till Mr. Grote wrote every modern writer represented this man also as an instrument of Theramenés. He was "produced," "brought forward," and the like—"wurde endlich auch ein Mann *vorgeführt*," as Curtius has it—though no such meaning can be got out of *παρῆστε*. As to the guilt of the generals and the guilt of Theramenés, all that we can say is that Mr. Grote and Curtius come to different conclusions. Our own conclusion, if it is worth anything, would be that some of the generals were guilty, and some innocent; whether the guilty ought to have been punished by death is a question of Athenian law and feeling, hard to settle at this distance of time. But it is hardly fair in Curtius to leave out of sight that we cannot condemn Theramenés so strongly as he does, without in some degree also condemning Thrasybulus, who clearly had a share, though a less prominent one, in the first accusation. But it is really too bad to say, as Curtius does, after quoting a work unluckily unknown to us, Herbst's *Die Schlacht bei den Arginisen*:

In dieser Schrift ist gegen Grote's Versuch, das Verfahren der Bürgerschaft zu rechtfertigen und die Feldherren als schuldig darzustellen, das richtige Sachverhältniss entwickelt, wie es sich aus Xenophon ergiebt. X. gegenüber kann Diod. xiii. 101 keine Autorität sein und es ist unzulässig, Theramenés Verfahren als eine nothdringende Selbstverteidigung zu entschuldigen.

Or, in Mr. Ward's translation:—

In this essay the true state of the case, as it results from the account of Xenophon, is brought out in opposition to Grote's attempt to justify the proceedings of the Assembly, and represent the generals as guilty. As against Xenophon, Diodor. xiii. 101 cannot be regarded as an authority, nor is it admissible to excuse the conduct of Theramenes as self-defence necessitated by the circumstances.

Now Herbst may very possibly have refuted Mr. Grote on any of the points which are open to controversy. He may have proved the innocence of all the generals; he may have shown that Theramenés bribed the supposed mourners, or even the man who said that he had escaped on the meal-tub; but he cannot have refuted any attempt of Mr. Grote's to justify the proceedings of the Assembly, because no such attempt was ever made. Mr. Grote as distinctly condemns the proceedings of the Assembly as Herbst or Curtius can do. On the very heading of one of his pages may be read the words "Causes of the unjust sentence." In his text he speaks of the "temporary burst of wrong," of the "enormity" of the proposal of the Senate, of its "breaking through the established constitutional maxims and judicial practices of the Athenian democracy," of its "depriving the accused generals of all fair trial," and of the "well merited indignation" with which "it was heard by a large portion of the Assembly." It was an "illegal and unconstitutional proposition;" the Athenians "dishonoured themselves;" "under a momentary ferocious excitement they rose in insurrection not less against the forms of their own democracy than against the most sacred restraints of their habitual constitutional morality." We do not see what stronger language Herbst can have used, or what stronger language Curtius can have wished any one to use; and it is hard indeed, when Mr. Grote has expressed himself so plainly, that he should be charged, in a sort of contemptuous sneer by the way, with having defended what he has most righteously condemned. The truth plainly is, that Curtius has not the same political instincts nor the same knowledge of human nature as Mr. Grote. He seemingly cannot understand that a sentence may be utterly monstrous both in a legal and a moral point of view, and yet that the persons condemned may not be wholly free from blame.

We have thought it right to point out these things clearly, because there seems every chance that Curtius may depose Grote, and we believe such a deposition would be a great evil. In all these political matters Curtius is behind his generation; he is behind the generation to which Mr. Grote has explained so many matters which before were dark. But even in this matter of the condemnation of the generals, we may mention one point of detail in which we think that Curtius has the better of Grote. Mr. Grote rejects, on grounds which seem to us very inconclusive, the speech which Diodórus puts into the mouth of Diomedón as he is led to execution. Curtius silently accepts it. But an incidental advantage like this goes for little when the whole story is so completely misconceived.

Nearly the same objections will apply to Curtius's treatment of most of the subjects in which he comes into collision with Mr. Grote; that is to say, in most of the political questions which arise during the Peloponnesian War. We cannot express our feelings better than by saying that Curtius is behindhand, *præ-Grotian*. He writes with the notions and prejudices of a time which we thought had passed away. But there are better things in the present volume than these. What Curtius does grasp, no man can set forth more clearly and effectively. His picture of Pericles is thoroughly well done; so is his general narrative of Sicilian affairs. Both these subjects carry us a little out of the beaten track of Athenian politics. This may seem a strange thing to say

of the great organizer of the Athenian democracy. But Pericles, if the organizer of the Athenian democracy, was many other things as well. He stands out as a man so completely by himself that questions about the exact nature of his dealings with the Areopagus or with the law courts seem of secondary moment. Into the many sides of the character of Pericles Curtius thoroughly enters, and he works them up into a portrait in his best style. So again, Sicily, the island which so largely filled Greek imagination, with its cities and their revolutions, with its ancient legends and its contending races, a land which to the dweller within the ordinary range of Greek history is a land half familiar and half unaccustomed, supplies Curtius with a far better field for his peculiar powers than he finds in the everyday walk of the Athenian commonwealth. Curtius could, it strikes us, have given us a series of monographs of Greek subjects of brilliant excellence; many particular parts of his subject he has treated as they have never been treated before; but the continuous march of Greek political and military events is not his strong point, and in attempting them he falls, to our thinking, far below the level of either of our great English historians.

Mr. Ward has decidedly improved as a translator. He still has some oddities of expression, and some strange oddities of punctuation. He still seems more at home with the German than with the English. For instance, Curtius says that, after the affair of the Hermae, the contending parties at Athens "nur durch einen über ihnen stehenden königlichen Mann gebunden werden konnten." We may accept the position or not as we please, but the implied description of Alcibiades as "ein königlicher Mann" is quite to the purpose. If the lion's whelp was reared in the city, there was nothing to do but to submit to his tempers. But Mr. Ward translates it that they "could only be held in check by a royal personage standing above them." This is surely quite another thing; it would not be hard to find plenty of "royal personages" who are far from answering Curtius's notion of "ein königlicher Mann." And, in the name of our common grandmothers, why should two Dutch words be changed into Welsh in turning them from one form of Dutch into another? But we are bound to say that there is far less of this kind of thing in the present volume than there was in the other two. Mr. Ward has risen as a translator just at the point where we hold that his author has sunk as an historian.

MRS. OLIPHANT'S LIFE OF ST. FRANCIS.*

FRANCIS of Assisi, who has sometimes been called the "least Romish," and is certainly one of the most popular and winning, of all the saints in the Roman Calendar, has always been a favourite with Protestant historians and biographers. Sir James Stephen devoted to him one of the most brilliant, though not perhaps the most appreciative, of his Essays on Ecclesiastical Biography, and Dean Stanley, with that passion for picturesque one-sidedness which is a characteristic infelicity of his writings, has lately described him as a Nonconformist. We must confess to having opened Mrs. Oliphant's Life, not indeed with any fear of offences against good taste—of which there was little danger—but with some uneasy suspicion, especially as the work appears in the *Sunday Library*, that we might on the one hand be annoyed with indiscriminate hero-worship, such as is conspicuous in her Life of Irving, and on the other hand with tedious cautions against the theological errors of the saint, and the miracle-mongering credulity of his hagiographers. But we have been pleasantly disappointed. Few, if any, of St. Francis's many biographers, Catholic or Protestant, have told the exquisite tale of his life and work with more quiet grace and appreciative sympathy. The miraculous element which is so prominent in it is rather described than criticized; but as regards one marked speciality, the extraordinary power over the lower animals ascribed to Francis in all the accounts we have of him, and which cannot be wholly fabulous, the authoress observes that such a gift has certainly been possessed by many who laid no claim to supernatural powers, and is asserted in our day to be hereditary in her family by a personage so little like him as the famous novelist George Sand. On the culminating miracle of his life, the impression of the mysterious "Stigmata" on Monte Alverno, she dwells at considerable length, pointing out that, unlike many medieval miracles, it rests on a weight of consentient and independent contemporary testimony which, in the case of any ordinary event, would be considered conclusive, while she abstains from pronouncing any definitive judgment, except that "the evidence altogether is of a kind which it is almost equally difficult to accept or to reject." We will merely observe here that, not to refer to the disputed passage in St. Paul (Gal. vi. 17), "stigmatization" has been alleged in several other cases—once in our own day of a Tyrolean peasant girl, who died not many years ago, when the fact was affirmed by the medical experts who examined her, but who were disposed to attribute it to the effect of intense mental concentration on the bodily frame. Certainly, if such an explanation could ever be admissible, on which we pronounce no opinion, it might not unnaturally be conceived of as ardent a mystic as Francis. But we do not enter on such questions here,

* *Francis of Assisi*. By Mrs. Oliphant. London: Macmillan & Co. 1870.

and shall not attempt any more than the authoress to apply to the records of the thirteenth century the standards of the nineteenth. Her account of the period, and of the place occupied by St. Francis in the history of the Church, is substantially correct. The age of martyrdoms and the age of Councils had successively passed away; the Church had converted the Empire and the Teutonic hordes which overran and supplanted it, and had since been engaged in consolidating her internal polity, when in 1198 Innocent III., the ablest perhaps and most powerful of all the long line of Roman Pontiffs, ascended the Papal throne:—

It is undeniably certain that the Church in the time of Innocent III. was at its highest pinnacle of political greatness, interfering, and having a real power to interfere, in the affairs of nations, giving and taking away crowns at its pleasure, holding the terrible threat of excommunication over the heads of rebels, doing justice upon some princely culprits whom no other authority could have ruled, and, on the other hand, no doubt intruding into many matters of the highest importance where its influence was useless and mischievous. This influence was objected to, as we find in history, principally by those to whom it was adverse. The prince or the noble, or the nation in favour of whom the Pope's decisions were made, never made any remonstrance against the exercise of his power; they believed in it, as probably he did, and thought it a very good thing for the world. He was not to them an impudent priest, interfering in matters that did not concern him, as, were he taking the same part upon him, he would, in his impotence, appear now. And this fact ought to be taken into consideration by all readers of history. The nineteenth century, when it studies the thirteenth, must consent to put itself, as far as possible, at the point of view held by the latter.

The writer adds, truly enough, that it was at once an age of darkness and of piety, and she then observes that "it possessed few of the virtues of civilization, had little time for thought, and none for speculation." Just before she had said that "philosophy was not general in those days, and scepticism was unknown." Such statements are, or were, common, but are very erroneous; the thirteenth century was the age of the Schoolmen, the greatest of whom, Bonaventura, Duns Scotus, and Aquinas, lived within it. Mrs. Oliphant might have learnt, without going further, from the late lamented Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Oxford (Dr. Shirley), that "a vast amount of intellectual activity unquestionably existed in the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries," and that "those vast tomes of the Schoolmen not only bespeak an amount of literary toil rare even in the most cultivated times, but give evidence of a precision of thought and subtlety of logical analysis"—we may add also of sceptical questioning—"which may challenge a comparison with the best works of the best ages of philosophy." But this has little direct bearing on the career of Francis. We proceed to give in our own way and our own words the main incidents of the life recorded in detail by Mrs. Oliphant, leaving those of our readers who desire further information—and they are likely to be many—to fill up the gaps by reference to her own graceful narrative.

The Franciscan Order met a crying want of the age which the older religious communities failed to satisfy. But there is nothing to show that Francis had any such conscious purpose in originating it. From first to last he was the child of impulse, but of impulses which were always benevolent, generous, and devout. "He thought little of himself, even of his own soul to be saved"; his one idea and master-passion was how best to work for God and to help men. The first murmurs were already beginning to be heard of the great democratic movement which has since overspread Europe, and the feudal system, still surviving in full force, was more and more felt to be an oppressive burden on the poor. Nor was the only power that could then act as a counterpoise itself irreproachable. There was a very general outcry against the pride of a wealthy and dominant hierarchy accused of caring more for its own aggrandizement than for the souls of men. And that cry had taken shape in strange forms of heresy, old and new, which threatened social as well as ecclesiastical order, and which Church and State—so far as the two can then be distinguished—were banded together to trample out with ruthless and indiscriminate severity. But the Church, if she was to retain her moral supremacy, required a machinery which could convince as well as crush; there was needed a popular ministry to satisfy the wants of popular devotion, and a popular theology to meet on its own ground the advances of popular heresy. And this was the double work which Francis, however unconsciously, was destined to accomplish, though he might have seemed from his antecedents about the unlikeliest man in Europe for the purpose. In the little city of Assisi, which lies beneath the Eastern slope of the Umbrian Apennines, there lived a worthy merchant, Pietro Bernadone di Mericoni by name, to whom was born in 1182 a son named Francesco, and known among his companions by the common Italian sobriquet of Cecco. The boy grew up to be the pride of his parents, the spoiled child of fortune, the darling of society, the idol of a glittering circle of youthful friends, gayest among the gay, of singular personal beauty, fascinating manners, and brilliant but genial wit. At the age of twenty he was struck down by a severe illness, and from that hour is dated his "conversion"—from a life of carelessness, not apparently of vice—the first result of which was his joining, in obedience to a dream, the army of the "Gentle Count" Walter of Brienne, in the strife of Guelph against Ghibelline. But a second dream turned him back at Spoleto, and for a time he resumed his old life, but not in the old spirit. "Why so grave, Francis?" said his wondering companions; "are you going to be married?" The question suggested the reply:—"I am; and my bride is—

Poverty." Those strange nuptials have been immortalized by the greatest of French orators and of Italian poets, and the pencil of Giotto has familiarized to our eyes what the glowing words of Bossuet and Dante have made musical to our ears. The events which followed in rapid succession must be briefly dismissed here. In obedience to another vision Francis undertook to rebuild the little church of St. Damiano, outside the walls of Assisi, and incurred the fierce anger of his father, who had already been sorely troubled by his eccentricities, by selling some of his bales of cloth for the purpose. He was seized as a lunatic, and imprisoned for several months in his own home. At length, after signing a renunciation of his patrimony, and stripping off his costly garments, he went forth, homeless and friendless, like the patriarch of old, forgetting his own people and his father's house, and not knowing whither he went. But he now remembered an incident which had occurred some time previously, and had deeply impressed him. He had met a leper near Assisi, and, conquering his natural disgust, had sprung from his horse and embraced him. Those who know the peculiar care bestowed by the Church of that age on these unhappy outcasts, whom Christ, according to the Vulgate reading of Isaiah's prophecy, had made types of Himself, will not wonder at the sequel. The seeming leper vanished, to appear again to Francis in a dream; for it was indeed none other than the Divine Sufferer of whom the prophet spoke. To the lepers' hospital at Assisi accordingly Francis now betook himself, and thence he came forth to supplicate alms to rebuild the church of St. Damiano, and another church outside the city formerly dedicated to St. Peter, but now restored under the name of La Portuncula, or Our Lady of the Angels, and which is still the central home of the Franciscan Order. The time for establishing that Order had now come. We must pass over the touching story of the conversion of his two first companions, Bernardo di Quintavalle and Pietro di Catania, who settled in a little hut on the plains of Assisi to form the first nucleus of the new community. In a few weeks the numbers had increased to twelve, and already Francis heard in spirit "the tread of multitudes"—French, Spaniards, English, Germans—striving to join them. He traced out a cross on the ground stretching to the four points of the compass, and despatched his little band in four companies on their mission of mercy to the bodies and souls of men.

The Order was now formed, but it had no legalized existence, and the members were simple laymen. Francis, therefore, who was no "nonconformist," but a devoted son of the Church, resolved in 1210 to repair to Rome, and ask for the sanction of the Pope. Innocent III., whom he and his companions found pacing at sunset along the stately terraces of the Lateran, looked with amazement on these strange visitors, in their rough shepherd's dress, and remanded them till the morning. That night, we are told, he dreamt, like the Syrian King of old, of a palm-tree which rose beneath his feet, and its branches stretched over the earth, and the weary and world-worn from every nation came to repose beneath its shade. And again he dreamed that the great Lateran Church was falling to the ground, and was propped up by the poor beggar in his brown shepherd's dress who had stood before him the previous evening. He hesitated no longer, and, in spite of the remonstrances of his cardinals, dismissed his visitors with his blessing and a solemn, though as yet unwritten, approbation of their stern rule of poverty. The return of Francis to Assisi was like a triumphal procession. Bells were rung and litanies chanted, and crowds came forth to meet him, and the church of the Portuncula was at once formally made over to him. The conversion of St. Clare, for an account of which our readers must be referred to Mrs. Oliphant, soon followed, and the Church of St. Damiano was assigned to the female community of Poor Clares, the "Second Order" of Franciscans, instituted under her rule. And now Francis, who but two or three years before had been hooted as a madman through the streets of his native city, was preaching in the cathedral, though only a deacon, to enraptured crowds, who hung upon his every word. We must pass rapidly over the first General Chapter of the Order, the second journey of Francis to Rome to obtain a fuller confirmation of the rule from Honorius III., and his meeting there with St. Dominic, when the founders of the rival Orders vowed before the altar an eternal friendship, to note his first acquaintance with Cardinal Ugolino, afterwards Pope Gregory IX., who remained ever afterwards the warm friend and patron of Francis and his community. And thus we are brought to the second General Chapter, called the Chapter *Storearum*, the last held during his lifetime, where were gathered round the little Church of the Portuncula—replaced three centuries later by the gorgeous edifice of the Sagro Convento, with its stately terraces and double row of gigantic arches rising like a fortress over the plain of Assisi—no fewer than five thousand members of the newly-founded Order. The Cardinal Protector, Ugolino, attended in his Franciscan dress, and as he approached the assembly, the words broke from his lips, "How goodly are thy dwellings, O Jacob, and thy tents, O Israel." For the last time Francis addressed his assembled brethren, and sent them forth, some to occupy Professors' chairs at Oxford, some to preach throughout Europe, and others to convert the heathen; while he set out himself, in the hope of converting the Sultan, for the Crusader's camp at Damietta. Malek-al-Kameel appreciated the noble bearing and simple earnestness of his unwonted visitor, and received him with deferential courtesy, though he declined his urgent offer to prove the truth of his religion by

entering a fiery furnace. According to one account, preserved in the popular *Fioretti di San Francesco*, the Sultan was convinced, though not converted, and promised to seek baptism on his death-bed. What is certain is, that he pressed on his guest gifts for the poor or for the erection of churches, which were courteously but firmly declined, and dismissed him with a safe-conduct and guard of honour.

The chief work of Francis, after his return to Europe, was the institution of the Third Order, or Order of Penance, which, considering its remarkable adaptation to the needs of the age, seems to prove, as Sir J. Stephen has observed, that its founder must have had some of the higher moral instincts of a legislator. Hitherto it had been almost assumed as axiomatic that it was impossible to lead a godly life outside the cloister walls, and St. Bernard habitually speaks of "conversion" as synonymous with entering the novitiate. But even in an age when the larger monasteries counted their denizens by hundreds or thousands, the religious vocation could only embrace a fraction of professing Christians. A religion was urgently needed for those who did not feel constrained to forsake their worldly callings, but who wished to obey the precepts of the Gospel; a rule flexible in its technical requirements, but inexorable in its demand of obedience to the laws of God; a rule, in short, to sanctify without superseding the ordinary relations of social and domestic life. And this is what Francis supplied in his Third Order. The legendary account of its origin is that his sermon on a certain occasion was so effective that the whole population of a little town rose up as one man to follow him, when he bade them return to their homes, and he would find them a way of serving God. That the new Order really resulted from the widespread influence of his preaching, and the call for some religious guidance among the multitudes newly awakened to a sense of the awful realities of life and death, there can be no doubt. Those who joined it were required, while continuing to live in the world, to make restitution of all unjust gains, to seek reconciliation with their enemies, to promise obedience to the laws of God and of the Church, and to engage not to bear arms except in defence of the Catholic faith or of their native land, which meant at that time in Italy except against the Turk or the Emperor. Thousands of votaries flocked to join the new Order; its badges were seen in the city, the court, and the camp; the symbolic cord was girt around the humble cottage and concealed under the royal robe. The Third Order was instituted in 1221, and was the last important work of Francis. Two years later he again visited Rome to obtain from Pope Honorius a written confirmation of his Rule, and in September 1224, on the feast of the Holy Cross, occurred the vision of the Stigmata. From that time he rather lingered on than lived for two years more, his health and sight failing, and all his thoughts centred in another world. The tenderness of his nature, which found one expression in that love for dumb animals which has already been referred to, became more conspicuous as the end drew near. To him birds, beasts, and fishes were alike dear; the very stones of the field were types of the divine "Corner-Stone," and the roadside flowers were as the blossoms of the Stem of Jesse. Over the closing scene, touchingly described by Mrs. O'Leary, we cannot linger here. On the evening of October 4, 1226, after blessing his native town and his brethren who knelt in tears around him, he passed away with the words of the 142nd Psalm on his lips, at the age of forty-four.

It is difficult at this distance of time, in our changed circumstances, to realize the marvellous effect of his life, and of the abiding influence he left behind him. We are familiar with the records of the preaching of Wesley and Whitfield a century ago, and of the crowds who hung upon their lips on the Somersetshire downs or at the mouth of the Cornish mine. But nothing in those records will bear comparison with the universal enthusiasm evoked throughout the length and breadth of Europe by the preaching of the Friars Minor—why Mrs. O'Leary insists on calling them, with a strange confusion of tongues, "Frati Minores," we cannot tell—in the days of their first fervour; nor were they less conspicuous during the three centuries which preceded the Reformation, as the great missionary power of the Church. But while the humbler offices of the ministry have been their speciality, the Franciscans have not been unknown in the higher paths of intellectual enterprise. Three of the most illustrious of the Scholastic writers, countrymen of our own, were Franciscans—Duns Scotus, Alexander Hales, and Roger Bacon; Cardinal Ximenes, again, was a Franciscan; Dante was once a novice and always a warm admirer of the Order, whose founder he places in the fourth circle of the *Paradiso*, and his friend Jacopone di Todi, the reputed author of the *Stabat Mater*, as well as the Spanish poet Lopez de Vega, were among its members. Its influence is supposed to have imparted to the Umbrian school of painters the peculiar tone of religious sadness and solemnity from which Perugino drew his inspiration; and Perugino was the master of Raphael. To adopt the closing words of his latest biographer, "the greatest lights of genius which have ever risen in Italy identified the poor and humble apostle; to whom since then many a devout heart has turned, as to a living epistle such as may be read of all men, a true and touching Imitation of Christ."

THE LANDLORD OF "THE SUN."*

WE are somewhat puzzled to know what has induced Mr. Gilbert to give his book the particular title that he has chosen. The hero of his story was certainly for a few months the landlord of the Sun Tavern, but then he was very much besides. He might just as correctly have been described as the clerk at the distillery, the gambler, the drunkard, the wife-beater, the forger, the Australian convict, the escaped convict, the sailor, the teetotaller, the American merchant, the English country gentleman, the Justice of the Peace. Nay, more, he bore two names, for he is Mr. Brandon at the beginning of the story, and Mr. Gourlay at the end. Maitre Jacques, in Molière's play, cannot receive his master's orders till he knows in which character he is to be addressed and which costume he is to wear, that of cool or coachman. Admirable though the facility is with which he transfers himself from the one character to the other, yet it is in nowise comparable to the changes rung by Mr. Gilbert's hero. For after all it is an easy matter to put on or off a coachman's coat or a cook's cap. It is somewhat more difficult to pass from a life of sobriety and honesty to one of drunkenness and crime, and in a few days to return from *delirium tremens* to the most rigid teetotalism. It may be that Mr. Gilbert is guided by motives of gratitude in the selection of his title. For the Sun Tavern, or at all events Bacchus, comes like a *deus ex machina* to deliver him out of the embarrassment in which he had involved himself. His hero, by the time he was three-and-twenty, was so painfully good that his history promised to be dull enough even for a tract. Besides other exalted virtues and high qualifications, he "was found to be possessed of those inestimable accomplishments in a well-conducted house of business—an excellent handwriting and unimpeachable orthography." We must confess that we had begun to be somewhat bored with Mr. Brandon's virtues, and our author, as we fully believe, had begun to be somewhat embarrassed. "Unimpeachable orthography" is no doubt inestimable in its way, but scarcely affords material for a three-volume novel. Even the ancient Sir Galahad, with all his virtues, was a little dull. His successor was becoming quite intolerable. Happily the modern author can try the purity of his hero by a test far more severe than was open to the old romancer. Sirens and enchanted woods are all very well in their way. But a hero who had passed spotlessly through these might well yield to the temptations that beset the landlord of a tavern. Happily for Ulysses and Sir Galahad, when they lived a snug bar-parlour was unknown, or who could have answered for their virtue if they had been exposed to all its temptations? Considering, then, the difficulty in which Mr. Gilbert found himself placed with his hero's character as unimpeachable as his orthography, we are willing to overlook the improbability of his story, and to allow that by force of circumstances so virtuous a young man may be compelled to take a lease of a public-house.

By his mother's death the youth had the command of about nine hundred pounds. Now, according to Mr. Gilbert, it would seem to be the case that a young man with no more capital than that has no choice left but to take a tavern. "His capital," he says, "is not sufficient to allow him to embark in any other line of business in which there is likely to be much competition." We were, we must confess, too glad to see such an exemplary character exposed to any real temptations to be disposed to consider critically Mr. Gilbert's facts. So long as his Sir Galahad could be converted into a licensed victualler, we were ready to be satisfied with any means that might be adopted, though at the same time we were not aware that a publican's business is particularly free from competition, or that nine hundred pounds would be regarded by the son of a messenger in a public office as a small capital. We ourselves are inclined to believe that so well-conducted a youth as Christian Brandon would have started in life as a greengrocer. He was eminently respectable, had some money, attended chapel regularly, and was, in fact, in every respect marked out for a greengrocer. Destiny, however, meant him for greatness rather than for goodness, and going against nature turned him into a publican. Everything conspired with the amount of his capital towards the desired end. "One morning Christian, on going his rounds, had to call at a house where the landlord was considerably in debt to the firm he represented. To his great surprise he found the house closed, and a van at the door in which the goods were being removed." As if this were not enough, the same day he meets and falls in love with a young lady whose father had been a village innkeeper, and who, "young as she was, had taken part in the management of the business." Moreover, a solicitor comes upon the scene, who offers to advance Christian eight hundred pounds, which he still requires to purchase the lease and the goodwill. Obliging though this gentleman appears, we had at once our suspicions of him. His teeth were strongly against the chance of his being an honest man, for they were "beautifully white and regular," and he was fond of showing them. What connexion, by the way, there exists between the whiteness of the teeth and the cunningness of the heart we cannot pretend to say. That there is a connexion we unhesitatingly affirm after a long course of novel-reading. It may be, perhaps, a case of what is called correlated variation, and so may be compared with the unexplained connexion that exists between pink eyes and white

* *The Landlord of "The Sun."* A Novel. By William Gilbert, Author of "Martha," "Shirley Hall Asylum," &c. &c. 3 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1871.

hair, or between the sex of a cat and its tortoiseshell fur. Be this as it may, this obliging gentleman, Mr. Desbrow, does not disappoint our expectations, but turns out to be even as great a villain as might reasonably be expected in an attorney of agreeable manners and with white teeth. For the present, however, he is all kindness, and with his assistance Christian finds himself the landlord of the "Sun," and ready to marry the innkeeper's daughter. We shall not stop to record the various "ebullitions of feeling" that occurred as the marriage drew near. "Suffice it to say," to use a phrase not uncommon with our author, that "the dresses and paraphernalia for the occasion were purchased," and that the service, contrary of course to all custom, "was performed in a proper and edifying manner." Unhappily Christian soon learns that his wife had been faithless to him before marriage, and had had a child by the white-toothed attorney. Penitent though the poor woman was, and full of devotion for her husband, he at once takes advantage of his position as a landlord, gets drunk almost every day, scolds his servants, and beats his wife. At times his better nature returns to him. On one occasion, "notwithstanding his drunken condition, he began to suspect he was behaving in a derogatory manner," and the next day "he felt he could not meet his wife without appearing in a derogatory position." Derogatory, by the way, is as familiar a word in our author's writings as it is in a local newspaper or a London vestry. On one occasion a barrister, when warning his wife against her matchmaking projects, tells her that "it is utterly derogatory, if not dishonourable"; and on another occasion, a worthy poacher, whose son had taken to thieving, "strongly reprobated the former dishonesty of his son as being unworthy and derogatory." Unhappily a few days later so derogatory was the position in which our hero appeared before his wife, that, "with a countenance almost indicative of his being possessed with a demon, he seized the poker from the hearth, and made a fearful blow with it at his wife's head." Though her head escaped this time, yet a day or two later, with "an expression of fury on his countenance rather resembling that of a demon than a man, he raised his fist, and with one blow on his wife's temple, stronger than that required to fell an ox, stretched her senseless on the floor." His wife, on her recovery, declined to prosecute him, but as he had carried his derogatoriness so far as to assault a policeman, he got six months' imprisonment with hard labour.

He goes from bad to worse, and after a career of drinking, gambling, and forging, is transported to Australia. His back is scarred by the cat, and his ankles by the fettters. Happily he has left to him his "unimpeachable orthography," and a faint suspicion at times that he is "behaving in a derogatory manner." He returns to England as an escaped convict, and is cured of delirium tremens by a doctor who first prescribes copious draughts of brandy, and then persuades him to take the pledge. As might reasonably have been expected from the doctrine of chances, this medical man, out of all the medical men in England, was the very one who had tended the convict's deserted wife in her last illness, and had adopted the little girl that she bore to him. Christian now becomes a reformed man, and by the help of a friend, in whose charge he leaves his child, emigrates to America and rapidly makes 40,000. On his return to England he settles down as a country gentleman, and a worthy magistrate—with the dread of recognition, however, hanging over him.

His daughter, on growing up, unfortunately when travelling abroad makes the acquaintance of her half-brother, and, in utter ignorance of any relationship that was between them, falls in love with him. The book was disagreeable enough without this finishing touch; with this added to it, it becomes offensive. Of course everything ends as it should. The right man marries the right woman, the good people all come into a great deal of property, and the white-toothed attorney, to escape a conviction for forgery, drew "the phial of poison from his pocket, placed it to his lips, and, in desperation, swallowed the contents." We would warn our readers against trying to swallow the contents of Mr. Gilbert's story. If they made the attempt they would in desperation quickly throw it aside. The story drags along in the most wearisome manner possible, and his style is much less lively than that of a reporter of a coroner's inquest to a local paper. He delights in the most minute details of the most unimportant circumstances. If his hero were to stumble against a man in the street, he would think it needful to give a full account, not only of the man himself, but also of his parents and grand-parents. He is so conscientious a narrator of events that he thinks it needful to mention that a barrister put on a mourning suit to attend his aunt's funeral, and hired a cab so as to drive up to her house. Nay, even he thinks it needful to mention that the mourning coach followed the hearse when it started off for the cemetery. The following is a specimen of the style of this wearisome story:—

The receipt of Charlotte's letter gave unqualified satisfaction to Sarah. The child, from the continued indisposition of its mother, had not yet been christened, but Sarah resolved that, as she was now able to leave the house, the ceremony should take place without delay, and the next week the child was christened in the parish church with the name of "Charlotte," the landlady of the house standing proxy for Mrs. Jordan. The following day a letter was despatched by Sarah to her sister, thanking her for the money she had sent, and telling her that the christening had taken place, and the child named (sic) after her. Then followed, of course, a description of the child's appearance, the dress it wore when christened, and the different circumstances which had taken place since she last wrote, with an account of her illness. Sarah concluded her letter by expressing a hope that her sister's husband would rapidly recover, and that she would soon have the pleasure of seeing them both in England.

Mr. Gilbert, with a circumflex in excess, quotes "the Latin proverb, *Rescripta manet.*" If *The Landlord* of "The Sun" remains anywhere else but on the publisher's shelves we shall be greatly surprised.

HOZIER'S FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR.*

THE title of this work, its appearance in a serial form by parts, which are not volumes nor in any way divided save by the publisher's choice, its showy exterior and profuse illustration, sufficiently reveal its purpose to an experienced eye. An enterprising firm has desired to occupy, in advance of others, the inviting field offered by the late war, and to bring out a work which, if not history in the strictest sense of the word, will at least serve to meet the present wants of students who desire to raise their knowledge of the new German Empire and its antecedents above the level of mere newspaper readers; which, moreover, may please those purchasers of books who look for one on the most popular of present literary subjects that shall be at once pleasing to the eye and useful for reference. The appearance of Captain Hozier's work in such a form as that selected is a striking evidence of the warlike nature of the age in which the British reading public, however distastefully to its own sentiments, finds itself cast. A few years since such an enterprise would probably have been disastrous to the publishers, however creditably the authors might have done their part. Now the only fear is lest those who are thus early in the field should be tempted to run too easily through their labours in order to meet the public demand with sufficient quickness.

The two parts now before us comprise about three hundred pages of quarto letter-press, and a number of mixed illustrations of a popular, personal, and scientific character. For the introduction of some of these, such as copies of certain well-known views on the Rhine, scarcely connected even in the faintest manner with the object of the work, it is to be presumed that the publisher is responsible rather than the distinguished writer who gives his name to the whole work. In the drawing-room-table view they may possibly be excused; in any other they can only be spoken of as padding, and, as such, detracting from the real value of the narrative. Mixed with them, however, and with the more pardonable collection of portraits of great men which accompanies them, are some scientific plates, which if not original are useful enough, in illustration of various modern weapons. And the maps with which the campaign and battles are hereafter to be illustrated are on a really valuable scale, and of more clearness than any before published, and have therefore a special importance for the military reader. But we must pass from the illustrations to speak of the narrative.

The first division, and a great part of the second, are devoted to introductory chapters in which is sketched the whole course of the events which have led up to the late war; or, as the Prospektus of the work (which is printed at the opening by way of preface) recites it, "the History of the Past from 1815 to 1870." A considerable section is fitly devoted to the Austro-Prussian war, "the natural prologue," as is here very properly stated, "to the great drama recently enacted," and a subject on which the editor is known to have the special knowledge of one who witnessed its most stirring scenes. Possibly the effort to subordinate this part of the work to the more exciting events which we have lately followed has injured the effect of the narrative, which is in some parts unduly compressed as compared with others, and in contraction has occasionally lost in accuracy. Certain it is that there can be no good reason why of the two well-known defeats suffered by the Prussians on the 27th June, 1866, several pages should be given to the battle of Langensalza, while Bonn and his larger disaster at Trautenau are dismissed in six lines. No doubt the fact of our former fellow-subjects, the Hanoverians, being so deeply concerned in the engagement at Langensalza has rendered it the better known affair among ourselves. But at this distance of time it is hardly necessary for even a popular history to aid in perpetuating this accidental difference of appreciation of two affairs, of which the one less understood here was certainly the more important in itself and the greater in its dimensions. There are still more obvious signs to a critical observer that the editorial eye has, perhaps purposely, given little heed to this portion of the work, or we should hardly find such an error left in it as that which, after stating the forces of the combatants at Königgrätz as about 250,000 Prussians to 180,000 Austrians, adds "or nearly two to one." More excusable, yet still easily to be avoided, are such errors as have arisen from following too closely the earlier press accounts, to which must be attributed the repetition of such old mistakes as the putting the same Bavarian General, Zoller, to defend two distant passages of the Saale on the same morning against the separate wings of Vogel's Army of the Main; as the giving General Gablenz the dignity of Field-Marshall (his Austrian rank being simply Lieutenant Field-Marshall, the counterpart of our lieutenant-general); and, again, as the designating poor Benedek throughout quite unnecessarily by his German title of Feldzeugmeister, which mysterious word is simply the equivalent of our General of Artillery. We must attribute to another cause, the rapid colla-

* *The Franco-Prussian War; its Causes, Incidents, and Consequences.* Edited by Capt. H. M. Hozier. With the Topography and History of the Rhine Valley, by W. H. Davenport Adams. Divisions 1 and 2. London: Mackenzie.

tion of differing and opposed materials, such inconsistencies as that of attributing in the general narrative the recall of General Vogel von Falckenstein from his command-in-chief to the King's special desire to use his valuable services elsewhere; whilst in his biography, somewhat later on, his removal is more correctly said to have been to him "a bitter pain," and to have happened "in consequence of events not yet fully explained," for in fact he had from some cause incurred the Royal displeasure.

We have as yet been speaking chiefly of the first division of the work. The second contains a valuable summary of the events of that period of stretched expectation intervening between the wars of 1866 and 1870. Omitting some doubtful opinions, which are perhaps given in too *ex cathedra* a manner for a mere narrative, as to the effects on civilization and progress which the absorption of small States by large will produce, and as to other weighty points in the politics of the world, this account is highly instructive, and closes the first or introductory portion of the history very fairly. Coming down to the Franco-Prussian war itself, the main subject of the work, the remainder of the second division is devoted to an examination and analysis of the respective resources and organization of the combatants. This portion of the subject is treated with a masterly hand, and will well repay careful perusal by any one who desires to comprehend one great and constant advantage which lay on the German side. Captain Hozier's work confirms strongly the views of those writers who have before him asserted that the Prussian decentralization of their commissariat and transport, carried out deliberately in every detail beforehand, has been found as sound and excellent as the contrary principle of extreme centralization, on which the French Intendance relied, has miserably failed at every exigency. We quote the writer's words, which put into a neat compass the whole results of the experience of the late war, and which come with special force from one who has had the best opportunities of watching the successful method in the field:—

It has been proved beyond all doubt to be the best in practical working—far superior indeed to the French Intendance, to the utter failure and breakdown of which their earliest disasters are believed to have been due. Under the Prussian system of dividing the responsibility into sections, not only is everything more manageable and simple, but the blame can be laid on the right shoulders when anything goes wrong; whereas in a great, cumbrous, central organization like that of the French, it is difficult to make any single individual responsible. In the present war, the Prussians, at a distance from their own supplies, and consequently compelled to maintain a long line of communication through an enemy's country, were actually better furnished with material and food than the French. They succeeded in moving their wounded more rapidly from the field of battle, and their operations were never once impeded by a want of transport.

In noticing this portion of the work it would be unjust not to speak of the admirable summary of the Prussian military cadet system which it contains. It is founded no doubt on the exhaustive Blue-book on that subject which the country owes to another Captain Hozier, a brother of the editor's, who prepared it originally, if we mistake not, for the Commissioners on Military Education, with whom he was associated for this object. But many who do not read Blue-books may make acquaintance with the subject in this history, and those who object to close cramming and to competitive examinations as the sole test of ability will find their arguments much strengthened here. On the other hand, the French have relied, to their misfortune probably, too much on the mere school education of cadet life, and have given too little attention to the practical teaching of the young officer. Yet it would be taking a very limited view of the causes of their marked inferiority in the recent conflict to attribute it solely to an over-centralized commissariat, or to the mistakes of ill-trained ensigns. A much more serious vice was that want of discipline which the work before us dwells on with much effect, and which the writers very properly attribute in great part to the encouragement given to "the rowdy element of the service," its Zouave and other Africa-trained corps. There can be no doubt that service in Algeria, however much the Duke of Orleans, in the eloquent posthumous memoir recently published, has praised the soldiers of France for their conduct there, was of late years a potent cause of the deterioration of their whole army. They had learnt in it to despise discipline, form, and order. Their example infected the younger troops who had seen no work in the field, nor felt the necessity which it brings of implicit obedience; and, thus demoralized in soldierly spirit, they were suddenly opposed to superior numbers of the most carefully trained and orderly army of the world, if we perhaps except our own. A recent pamphlet by an officer of the French Staff reveals the astounding fact, that on the first day's retreat of his corps after the news of Weissenburg came, before a single enemy had been seen by one soldier of the force, six hundred of the privates flung their muskets away in the course of a single warm afternoon's march! Yet, more surprising than this, their chief, so far from making any examples, thought it better to keep their conduct secret, and hushed the matter up. It is too early as yet to fathom thoroughly the causes of this state of demoralization; but its mere existence accounts for much that at first surprised the world beyond measure.

It has been our duty to point out some deficiencies and weaknesses in the opening portions of this work. We have done this not only in the interest of fair criticism, but in the hope that the succeeding divisions may be more closely revised. In taking leave of what has been published already, it is enough to add that those who look to have here in print a complete and finished history of events the sound of which still rings in our ears must of necessity

look in vain. Those, on the other hand, who, at this early date, expect simply a careful collation of the chief documents of interest concerning the war, put into the form of an attractive and readable narrative, and illustrated so as to attract others than the mere student to the subject matter, will do well to possess themselves of the valuable work which Captain Hozier edits. It may be long before a more instructive account of the war appears in our language, and when such an account does come, it will hardly prove more interesting in its day than that which we have been noticing.

CHAMBERS'S HISTORY AND REVOLUTIONS OF FRANCE.

WE feel that the world does move fast when, before the end of May, we receive a history, not a pamphlet, but a book beginning at the beginning, which tells us that "at the end of April and the beginning of May"—the very same May in which we receive it—"the condition of affairs was lamentable." The German war has indeed become matter of history; were it not that the Germans are making their presence felt at St. Denis, one might fancy that it happened a long time ago. And, while it was going on, it is certain that no one could fittingly discuss its origin, meaning, and objects, without going up to the very beginnings of German and French history. Still in this case we study the beginning for the sake of the ending. This we hardly do in a regular history of the country; we study the beginning and the ending, each in its proper place and proportion, but we do not give one any distinct preference over the other. But it is plain that Mr. Chambers has worked at the beginning simply for the sake of the ending, and as an introduction to the ending. As the title of the book is *France: its History and its Revolutions*, it may be held that special prominence should be given to the times since the Revolutions began. This date at first sight would be fixed at 1789, and accordingly, in a book of 336 pages, the last eighty-two years take up 187; but in truth the Revolutions of France do not begin in 1789. They may be fairly said to begin from the very beginning, and we have no doubt we have said before now that there are large pieces of French history, in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, which need only the names to be changed to pass for part of the history of the last dozen years of the eighteenth. Mr. Chambers has had the writing of his "small book" suggested to him by "frequent visits to France, and the deep interest which it is impossible not to feel concerning recent as well as current events." The later part, then, from 1789 to the month of May, 1871, is written in as great detail as the size of the book allows, while the earlier part is a mere introductory sketch, on so small a scale that St. Louis does not get so much as a whole page. But we are not disposed to find fault. We always watch books of this class with especial interest, to see what effect the labours of professed scholars have upon those who are not professed scholars. And in the case of Mr. Chambers we are bound to say that the effect has been considerable. Though he cuts the early part very short, and leaves out a great deal which we hold ought to have been put in even in a small book, still the small book is different in many things from what it would most likely have been twenty or even ten years ago. It is a comfort to feel that we have at least got quite clear of the state of things when it was held that Pharamond was the first King of France. Mr. Chambers, with a little fear and trembling, gives that title to Charles the Bald, "though," he adds, "he is not ordinarily so styled." If we meant to be very particular, we might say that the first King of France was Henry IV, when the "Francorum Rex Christianissimus" finally changed into the "Francie et Navarre Rex." One would perhaps be better pleased not to call Charles the Bald King of France, but the title may be justified; and when Mr. Chambers calls him the first King of France, he shows that he has taken in the fact that it is under Charles the Bald that something comes into being which, if not exactly the modern Kingdom of France, is something like it, something which grew into it, something which was its close foreshadowing and forerunner. Mr. Chambers has evidently tried hard to master the complicated relations of the Frankish Kingdoms in the ninth and tenth centuries, and he has been by no means without success. Now when we see any approach to accuracy, any approach to real understanding of those most difficult times, we are always rejoiced, as finding that the labours of those who have worked more minutely at such matters have not been wholly thrown away; nor are we disposed to cavil if our new recruits are either a little timid or a little eager to show off their new learning. Any variety, any pronunciation or intonation, of the new *sumpnus* is better than stolidly sticking to the old *mumpnus*. We are perhaps a little amused at a sentence like the following—Mr. Chambers is speaking of the States General in 1789:—

The revival of a body possessing so imperfect a Constitution, unaccompanied with powers adapted to enlightened views of legislation, and distinct regulations for its guidance, could scarcely fail to be disastrous, in a country unskilled in those Parliamentary forms which are traceable, through long ages in England, to the Witenagemot of an Anglo-Saxon ancestry.

A man who was in habits of daily intercourse with Witenagemots would perhaps not have talked about Witenagemots at this particular moment; but it is a great thing that Mr. Chambers can spell the word Witenagemot, and it is a still greater thing that

• *France: its History and Revolutions*. By W. Chambers. Edinburgh and London: W. & R. Chambers. 1871.

he has evidently taken in the great contrast between English and French political history. He clearly sees that in England, though the forms and details of our constitution have gone through endless changes from time to time, still our constitutional freedom has had a continuous being from the very earliest times, while in France every form of constitution has been something new and isolated, something made for the nonce, and not growing out of that which went before it. So again, when Mr. Chambers is describing the reign of Henry II. and the seizure of the Three Bishoprics, it is a little amusing to read:—

As bases of his operations, it was agreed that he might take temporary military possession of Toul, Verdun, and Metz, three bishoprics, each with a portion of territory lying within the area of the duchy of Lorraine, but held as distinct fiefs of the German Empire—such, in fact, being fragments of Lothair's kingdom, which fell to Germany, and had in no shape been incorporated with France.

Mr. Chambers's studies in Lotharingian history are evidently a little recent, and they are a little awkwardly brought in; but never mind, the great point is gained, Mr. Chambers does not think, as we doubt not that many people still think, that Lothringen and the Three Bishoprics, and everything else west of the Rhine, was something wickedly taken away from France, or at all events something which, if France had not really had from the beginning, it was in the eternal fitness of things that it ought to have had it. So it is with a certain satisfaction that we read such a passage as the following:—

The seizure of the city and bishopric of Metz, above mentioned, together with Toul and Verdun, was the first act of a series of aggressions made by France upon Germany, with the object of extending her frontier to the Rhine. They were renewed from time to time during two centuries, and, as will be afterwards described, resulted in the acquisition of Alsace and Lorraine. They naturally excited great interest at the time, and that interest has been recently and so mournfully revived as to suggest the reflection of retributive justice.

and directly after:—

In a word, the disintegration of Charlemagne's empire east of the Rhine, and the growth of a strong centralized power, by the suppression of rebellious feudatories on the western side of that river, along with the dismemberment of Italy into petty and easily subdued States, are the three simple facts, stripped of bewildering technicalities, which explain the rise of France to a degree of power which made it a menace, and sometimes a terror, to surrounding nations.

If anything, we should be inclined to say that Mr. Chambers takes up his parable a little too loudly, and gives us too much of a sermon on evil deeds and their punishment. Still we are not inclined to quarrel even with a sermon, when it starts from the historical truth of the case as its text.

We doubt whether Mr. Chambers quite takes in the importance of what Sir Francis Palgrave calls the Capetian Revolution, the event of 987. Still it is something to know that it was not till the time of Hugh Capet that Paris became the capital of the Kingdom. But it is very strange to say that "in the general history of France, for three centuries after the accession of the Capetian dynasty, there occurs little worthy of remembrance." These three barren centuries include the times when the French Kingdom and nation were formed; they include the reigns of Philip Augustus and St. Louis. So, a little later, Mr. Chambers slurs over in a strange way both the Hundred Years' War with England and the rivalry between Louis the Eleventh and Charles of Burgundy. Yet those were the times when the work of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries began to be consciously understood. The French nation had been formed, and the English wars taught it that it had been formed. The phrase of *bon François*, which at an earlier time would have had no meaning, dates from those days. And Charles the Bold, whose career is really the centre and turning-point of the history of a thousand years, the man who came nearer than any one before or after to the real establishment of a Middle Kingdom, surely deserved something more than a few casual notices scattered over two or three pages. The space given to a quotation of seven lines from *Childe Harold* might have served for a short explanation of who and what Charles and his Duchy really were. So too in the same century, but somewhat earlier, it is odd to read, after the death of Talbot and the French conquest of Aquitaine, "The claims of the English sovereigns were formally abandoned, and all their possessions in France were given up, except Calais." Either Edward the Fourth or Henry the Eighth would have been a little amazed at hearing that his right to the Crown of France had been formally abandoned.

In fact, Mr. Chambers, while making some praiseworthy attempts to understand some things which are not commonly understood, has been in a hurry to get to the later times which he cared more about, and he has therefore slurred over the earlier times. He must now wish that he had waited a little longer, so as to be able to record, not only the lamentable state of things at the beginning of May, but the fearful events of the latter days of the month. Even in French history the burning of Paris and the murder of the Archbishop and his companions stand out as events quite by themselves. But the time for really recording them, or the events of the past year either, as matters of history has not yet come. It is not only because the excitement of the events has not yet passed by, and because we cannot yet look at them calmly. Few people look at even remote history quite calmly, and it is quite possible to look at either past or present history too calmly. What is of more importance is that we have not yet got our materials. The best materials for the history of any time seldom come to light till after the events themselves have quite passed away. All kinds of materials have to be tested and compared,

but the most valuable source of all, papers of actors and competent observers which were not designed for the public eye, can never be available at the time. The Special Correspondent, even if he is capable of the heroic effort of sacrificing effect to truth, gives, after all, the personal impressions of one man only, and a man whose means of information must be partial. To say the least, we ought to compare the reports of several Special Correspondents, of the most varied tastes and politics that can be found. On the whole it strikes us as a mistake to try to record as matters of history events which happened in the month in which a book is published.

In dealing with late times Mr. Chambers writes mainly in the spirit of a lover of order, who greatly dislikes revolutions, at least if they come from below. If a magistrate or a general perverts the powers entrusted to him by the law to make a revolution for his own personal advantage, that of course is not quite so bad. We do not mean that Mr. Chambers is at all a lover of despotism—far from it. He would be best pleased to see Paris at once as orderly and as constitutional as Edinburgh; but, if he had to make the choice, he would not look on a massacre done by order of the Lord Provost as quite so ugly as a massacre done by a Porteaus mob. Mr. Chambers has too keen a sense of right and wrong to be really a partisan of either Bonaparte, but he has a certain sneaking weakness for both as Saviours of Society. Let Mr. Chambers speak for himself as to the deed of 1851:—

The second Republic lasted three years. When the Socialists were looking forward to a new presidential election, Louis Napoleon executed his notable and unexpected *coup d'état*, December 2, 1851, by which he violently dissolved the Constitution, on the ground that it was wholly unworkable, and at variance with the feelings of the people. This extraordinary measure, constituting the *Eighth French Revolution*, was, on moral considerations, obviously unjustifiable; for, assuming that the Republic was a failure, there was no express obligation on the President to remain at the head of affairs; if dissatisfied, all he had to do was to resign, and to retire to the private life from which he had been withdrawn. The excuse to his own conscience for perpetrating a violent overturn of the Constitution, was probably that, if he had thrown up the reins of power, the country would have lapsed into a condition of anarchy; and judging the circumstances in the light of recent events, there were certainly grounds for anticipating a result of that nature. The *coup d'état* was confirmed by the national vote. The people at large approved of what had been done; for, labouring under an apprehension of failing under the rule of the Parisian rabble, they gladly accepted an arbitrary Government, which would at least allow them to live in peace and security.

France by its own will was again under the rule of a dictator. Nominally assisted by a Council of State, a Senate, and Legislative Body, Louis Napoleon, as President, was really an autocrat. Whatever may be said of the means by which he usurped this position, he did not belie his own promises of ruling the nation with firmness and benignity.

Afterwards we read:—

With failing health, and aware of feelings of hostility arising from these causes, Napoleon endeavoured to fortify his position, by invoking the support of the national democracy. Accordingly, in 1869, he granted a Constitution, with a popularly elected Assembly and a responsible Ministry; to ratify which, and also ascertain the feelings of the nation regarding himself and his dynasty, he resorted to a plebiscite, or vote by universal suffrage; the result was an overwhelming decision, by eight millions of votes, in favour of the Constitution and of his Imperial rule, with his son as successor.

Surely Mr. Chambers does not think that there was no popularly elected Assembly between 1851 and 1869. How far any election of those days was really fair and genuine is another matter, but all the world knows that there was a body which at least professed to be chosen by ballot and universal suffrage, and the question about "Imperial rule" and the succession came in only indirectly. Nor do we quite understand what is meant by saying,

The plebiscite was in a sense a worthless sham, but for being so, the law of compulsory division of heritage was accountable—not Napoleon, who, like candidates for Parliamentary honours, only took advantage of the franchise of his constituency.

What has the law of compulsory division of heritage to do, except in the most indirect way, with the *plebiscite* being a sham? It is certain that universal suffrage is specially likely to take root in a country where there are a vast number of freeholders; but further than this, the two things seem to have nothing to do with one another. But as Mr. Chambers talks about a certain elaborate and scholarly *Histoire de Jules César*, he may possibly think that the *plebiscite* of modern France has something to do with the real *plebiscitum* of ancient Rome.

We are glad to welcome Mr. Chambers's book as showing that correct views on certain obscure matters are really making some little way in the world; but "the deep interest which it is impossible not to feel concerning recent as well as current events" is a rather dangerous inspiration under which to sit down to write a formal history.

MURRAY'S HANDBOOK FOR SHROPSHIRE, CHESHIRE, AND LANCASHIRE.*

SINCE the last touring season Mr. Murray has furnished those travellers who are not too fashionable to enjoy the less trodden ways and paths of old England with more than one of his inestimable *vade mecum*. Besides the *Handbook to the Eastern Counties*, we have at last a trustworthy pocket companion to the region of distinct and diverse interest which extends from the South Welsh mountains to those of Cumberland, and stretches from the Severn well-nigh to the Solway. Beginning south with this book

* *Handbook for Shropshire, Cheshire, and Lancashire. With Map.* London: John Murray. 1870.

for guide, the tourist through Salop, Cheshire, and Lancashire would gradually exchange the pastoral valleys of the Teme, the Corve, and the Onney, for the busier life of North Shropshire, and the industries of its black country, which is not yet, like neighbouring black countries, utterly disqualified by smoke and ashes for the possibility of "babbling o' green fields." Passing the frontier into Cheshire, he would find, in a county well described as to its physical contour as a great plain set in a frame of high ground, and whose staples are dairy-farms, silk, and salt, not a few delicious bits of scenery quite worth turning aside to investigate. And so he would come in due course northwards to that great field of English wealth and commerce wherein lie Manchester and Liverpool, and whose countless diversity of profitable industries (see pp. xl. xi. of the Introduction) might have defied the enumeration of the author of our guide-book, even as it daunts his reviewer. But indeed Lancashire deserves a handbook to itself. It is true that its great mountain range is not its own, but only belongs to it by an arbitrary geographical division. Its lakes too, so different from the Cheshire and Shropshire meres, "all having a parallel course from north to south, and so determining the course of the rivers that issue from them into the Bay of Morecambe," connect themselves in the mind with Westmoreland and Cumberland rather than with the Palatine County to which they actually belong. But Lancashire is not an untrdden way, nor in any sense a short summer's holiday ground, though there are fertile plains, wild moors, and fern-clad mountains within its border, though it has a rich folklore, though it has a grand Cistercian Abbey in Furness, and a seaside—for Manchester—at Lytham and Blackpool. In seeking to guide prospective tourists, however, towards what is newer and less hackneyed, we shall leave Lancashire, and work back southward; eschewing the busy realm of commerce that heard the earliest sounds of the railway whistle; tarrying only for a moment in the contiguous county which is comparatively familiar to travellers towards North Wales; and bestowing most of our notice on the southernmost county described in the *Handbook* before us, inasmuch as it is the least explored of the three, the most lately rendered accessible by railway communication, and—last not least—because it is, taken all in all, the most beautiful county of the three.

Not indeed that Cheshire is without its just pretensions to pre-eminence. Whatever the speciality of the tourist—botany, geology, history, folklore—we may assume that, if he has eyes, he visits a county for its scenery. And though Cheshire at first sight lies open to the charge of being for the most part a dead flat, yet it is truly remarked by the author of the *Handbook* that this flat is nowhere so circumscribed as to lose sight of the distant hills:—

To the east a wild elevated district separates Cheshire from Derby and Staffordshire, extending from the valley of the Goyt, and forming the rugged country of Macclesfield Forest and Shutlingslow, to the south of which the line is continued by Cloud Hill, Congleton Edge, and Mow Cop. The southern portion of Cheshire is contiguous with the fertile pastures of Shropshire, but the western setting of the frame is furnished by the Peckforton range, and the high grounds that mark the course of the Dee. The Delamere Forest, one of the prettiest alternations of hill and woodland to be found in England, is almost the only break in the great central plain, and even this soon merges into the hills and defiles that fringe the Mersey estuary from Alvanley to Frodsham and Runcorn, and gradually die away as the Lancashire border is approached near Bowdon.

It is not to be wondered therefore that to the enterprising tourist there present themselves striking outlooks which once seen are hard to be forgotten, such as Alderley Edge on the road from Crewe to Stockport, a picturesque steep cliff 650 feet in height, which stretches a couple of miles in length, and is rich in jutting rock, in giant firs and oaks, and in wild paths that introduce the wanderer to the most sequestered of ferny glades (p. 84). On the North Staffordshire Railway, too, the tourist has another fine outlook from the high ground of Harecastle Ridge (p. 88), while the grand height of Mow Cop commands a view of Cheshire and North Staffordshire that makes this district as attractive to the searcher for the picturesque as its old halls and churches are to the antiquary. Nor would it be labour lost to break the journey from Crewe to Chester by the London and North-Western at Beeston Station; for Beeston Castle is not only curious as a well-situated and extensive ruin, which has withal its attraction for the botanist in a rarer saxifrage, but it commands, when you scale its rocky site, a wide panorama that takes in Chester and the estuary of the Mersey to the north, Delamere Forest and the Derbyshire and Staffordshire hills to the east, on the south the Welsh mountains and the hills of Salop, and to westward the wooded hills of Peckforton. Add to this that this panorama is rendered the livelier by the diverse occupations and arts of life which are being busily plied within its area; the smoke of the wicks, the dark clouds over the black country, the churches, halls, and villages that dot the plain of Cheshire. And yet perhaps no impression fixes itself deeper in the mind than the outlook from Chester walls, which will leave a memory quite as abiding as the parquetted timber and plaster houses, or the galleries and rows along the chief streets, having shops on both sides, "through which," as Camden hath it, "a man may walk dry from one end to the other." Chester, with its ecclesiastical, historical, and antiquarian features, has been some time back fully commemorated in the pages of this journal, and it may suffice for us now to pass by its venerable though somewhat dilapidated cathedral with a simple "God speed" to a work of restoration which we trust will not be deemed complete without the sacrifice of all the immediately circumjacent houses. But the view from the walls looks outward. It comprehends the mountains of the vale of Clwyd as well as the sands of Dee, the plains

of Cheshire, and the distant uplands of Flint, the hills also of Beeston and Peckforton. To our mind the view from Chester walls at least equals any feature of its interior, however unique. For park scenery, where art and taste have been called in to turn nature to the best advantage, Cheshire can boast her Eaton Hall and Crewe Hall—the former possessing grounds as beautiful as the magnificent structure they surround, and a pinetum well worth visiting; the latter approached by a fine avenue, and adorned with wood and water in such excellent taste as to present a triumph of landscape gardening. Wilder in character is Lyme Park, the seat of the Leghs near the Derbyshire border, where is an avenue of limes, and where the indigenous wild white cattle as well as the red deer are still to be seen beneath the old oaks and in the bracken thickets. One might tell too of Dunham Massey, a rich-wooded residence of Lord Stamford, of Marple Hall and its perfect Elizabethan structure, of Vale Royal, and other demesnes offering various attractions. Those who make their head-quarters for a day or two at Congleton will have the opportunity not only of visiting some of the finest churches in Cheshire, but also the gardens at Biddulph, which are wonderfully curious and interesting.

But it may be doubted whether Cheshire's southern neighbour, Salop, does not outvie her in most points. Perhaps not in noble seats, though she can show not a few creditable competitors; but in her eminent men, her historic annals, her physical features and natural beauty, she is surely entitled to the palm of precedence. Neither county can boast to have reared a poet, unless Churchward, and Whitney the Elizabethan emblematic, may be paired one against the other; and for historians, it is scarcely fair to claim Sir Archibald Alison, though his father held a Shropshire living, as a genuine Salopian. Of men great in arms Shropshire can count her Clive and Hill and "Mooltan" Edwards, against gallant Sir Stapleton Cotton, later known to us as Lord Combermere. But both counties are somewhat poor in great names of the past, except indeed in the career of arms. From the Roman days, however, Salop was long the theatre of military exploits and operations. It needs not to be mentioned that Urriconium, or Wroxeter, was the centre to which all the great Roman roads converged, and a visit to its site, or even to the Museum at Shrewsbury, where relics of a city larger in area than Pompeii are preserved and classified, is one of the readiest ways of transporting oneself into the buried past. But the whole region is full of such souvenirs. "No one," writes a former President of the British Archaeological Congresses, "can visit the Roman stations at Norton, Brandon, Gaerflos, without admitting the military talents of Ostorius; or, on the other hand, trace the line of British camps from Wapley and Croft Ambury on to Hén Dinas, or 'old Oswestry' northward, including the Bury Ditches, Caradoc, Wrekin, and Breidden, without a feeling of admiration for the resources of Caractacus." Where this British hero fought his last battle seems to be a question past solution, the words of the Latin historian scarcely fitting any of the suggested sites—namely, the Severn near Breidden Hill, Caer Caradoc between Knighton and Clun, and Coxall Knoll near Leintwardine, on the Teme. When we pass to English history, no such mist envelops the site, at Acton Burnell, of the assembling of the first Parliament in which the Commons had any legal share, and which met there by adjournment from Shrewsbury in the autumn of 1283. There is also the battle-field on the Wem road, marked by a collegiate church named from the event, where in July, 1403, Henry IV. quelled the rebellion of Douglas, Hotspur, and Glendower, where the future hero of Agincourt was wounded, and Harry Percy met his death. Glendower's Oak, from which he viewed the battle, is still shown at Shelton, to the right of the road to Oswestry. The mention of Battlefield Church suggests another feature of Shropshire—its fine extant churches, and its even finer ruined abbeys. Among the former are the Abbey Church and St. Mary's, with its exceptionally tall octagonal spire, at Shrewsbury; Oswestry; and Ludlow Church, with its lantern tower, Norman south doorway, and generally noble proportions. Of the latter are the Cistercian Abbey of Buildwas, situate in just such a district as the Cistercians ever chose; Haughmond or "Haut mont," on the slope of a wooded hill near Sundorne; and beautiful Wenlock Abbey, a ruin of singular architectural interest in other respects, and especially as regards the elaborately interlaced arcing of its inner walling. As to its natural beauties, this county can boast the Severn, which intersects it, and enhances with its swift broad flow the charms of Shrewsbury and Bridgnorth. The Teme bank near Ludlow is, in its different fashion, almost as memorable. Tourists desiring to bury themselves in veritable "sleepy hollows" might do worse than penetrate (from Knighton or Craven Arms as starting-points) the "quietest places under the sun"—to wit, Clunton and Clunbury, Clunyngton and Clun, at the last of which still stands the original of Sir Walter Scott's "Garde Doloreuse," and Bishop's Castle, which is well nigh as quiet as either of the aforementioned. From this route may be approached the "Bury Ditches," which Thomas Wright holds to have been a Saxon chief's fortified residence; and the whole of this excursion will repay the quest of those who have a fancy for scenery very Welsh in its character. From Church Stretton, a picturesque little town nestling under the hills, may be ascended the important range of the Longmynd, interesting to the geologist and botanist, and offering to the mere climber something of an Alpine sensation, if not for its height, yet for the precipitous character of its passes, which, with the occurrence of dangerous fogs in certain seasons, has led to the last fair in the year at Church Stretton being designated the "dead man's fair," so

many having perished in returning home from it in the dark. From Church Stretton, too, is to be explored Caer Caradoc; and from Wellington, on the Shrewsbury and Stafford line, the famous domelike Wrekin, "an unmistakable landmark in every phase of Shropshire scenery," and commanding perhaps the most complete panoramic view of the whole of Shropshire. We doubt whether travellers are so well acquainted with the Titterstone Clee or the Brown Clee, accessible from Ludlow, each affording a very magnificent out-look, and each full of botanic and geological interest. From the Titterstone one can espy the highest points of Staffordshire, Worcestershire, Monmouthshire, Breconshire, and Radnorshire, and there is no ground of elevated character in these counties where the steep escarpment of the Titterstone does not come within the eye's range. The mention of Titterstone reminds us of the fact that in the famous "Mappa Mundi" in Hereford Cathedral Library "Mons Clevus or Clivus" is the only mountain in these parts which the geographer condescended to notice. It reminds us too that the practical author of this Handbook fails to glance at the tradition of the Giant's Chair on the top of Titterstone, with which he might have compared the Devil's Chair on the Stiperstones—where the heap of rocks that forms it is ascribed, as elsewhere, to the demon's apron-strings giving way. On the side of Abdon Burf, a branch of the Brown Clee, there is a large stone called the "Giant's Shaft" or arrow. But, generally speaking, this Handbook does justice to the local superstitions and folklore of a county which is singularly rich in them. The origin of Tonge Castle, for instance, which recalls Dido's device to get ground for a city, is duly commemorated. We miss, however, the legend of the "Crawl Meadows" at Bromfield, near Ludlow, which records how a young lady attached to a brave but impetuous knight was cut off by her enraged father with just so much land as she could crawl over between night and morning. She made the best use of her time, hands, and knees, and under favour of "Nox et Venus" had by day-dawn acquired a tract that reaches half-way to Downton Castle. By the way, the great Tichborne case has curiously evoked a similar legend about similar "Crawl Meadows" in quite another part of England, under the heading of the Tichborne Dole.

The pains and accuracy evinced in this Handbook are worthy of all praise. Exception may possibly be taken to some minor details—e.g. the statement that Thomas (surely it was Henry) Lawes set to music the masque of *Comus*; that Lord Dungannon restored, whereas we believe he only suggested and headed a subscription to restore, the reredos at Ludlow Church. The mention of the detached belfry at Richard's Castle Church, too, should not have been omitted. But every one knows that the first edition of a Handbook can scarcely be infallibly accurate, and every one knows that Mr. Murray invites corrections and emendations. It is much to be desired that as many practical critics as possible will qualify themselves for the task of correction by visiting the localities which this Handbook so usefully and succinctly describes.

CROWE AND CAVALCASELLE'S HISTORY OF PAINTING.*

IT is now several years since we reviewed the earlier section of this great work, which in the main was occupied with the first efforts of Christian art in Italy, and with its development in her central regions from Cimabue to Perugino. After a delay which will appear long only to those who do not know what real historical investigation is, the joint authors, in the volumes before us, have completed their task to the beginning of the sixteenth century, by tracing the origin and progress of the schools of painting which characterize Venice, Friuli, and the German marches, Mantua, the neighbouring cities which lie in the magnificent zone between Alp and Adriatic, and Cisalpine Italy to Ferrara, Bologna, and Parma. Their five volumes accordingly cover Italy from top to toe, and tell the splendid story of her art from its rude beginnings to the very moment when it was consummated, in every chief region, by those glorious names which appear to live more and more in men's words and minds as their frescoes drop from the wall, and their canvases perish beneath time and violence and ill-directed attention. The singular diligence with which the actual records of the artists' work have been sought out, or brought together from scattered printed sources, and then collated with their remaining pictures, has not slackened as the authors have advanced over their enormous field; and we almost feel that the name of the "new Vasari" which we ventured to confer upon the work at its outset is unequal to express the value which it possesses. Put together as it is, exactly at the moment when political and social changes in Italy are—if we must confess a melancholy truth—adverse both to the preservation and to the real enjoyment of her ancient treasures, Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle have rendered her, and the world with her, a service of which the next centuries only will appreciate the singular importance. They have written down for ever the materials for one part of European history which, till Europe is peopled with clever barbarians of the type caressed by Mr. Lowe, will maintain its hold over the souls of men. And, meanwhile, these five volumes have provided, for all who either care to study or to collect, a series of records which are essential for their pursuits. We know no book which the library of all lovers of art can less afford to dispense with.

* *A History of Painting in North Italy, from the Fourteenth to the Sixteenth Century.* By J. A. Crowe and A. B. Cavalcaselle. 2 vols. With illustrations. London: John Murray. 1871.

It is obvious that the contents of a field so fertile as that of these two latter volumes can be only traced in outline within our columns. Nor is the book, in truth, one to which justice would be done by extracts or by a detailed summary. The plan of such a work, executed with the untiring diligence which regards no actual fact as unimportant, has necessarily carried the writers over many schools and many artists whose labours, though essential links in the great chain of Italian art, are of secondary value, and can only be contemplated with pleasure when we are in sight of the endless pictures in obscure villages and remote churches which are catalogued by M. Cavalcaselle. We long, as we read, to transport ourselves (and the book with us) to Cadore and Udine and Treviso, and a hundred more euphonious centres of dirt and art and natural loveliness; but the reader in general will turn only to the pages which record the greater names whom we know, or seem to know, by memory or by familiarity with the specimens preserved in England. The authors' scheme requires them to take note of each school in its turn, without reference to the value of its productions when tried by the standards of truth and beauty. This process has not, indeed, deadened them to the quality of those painters who rise above the lower levels. But they have been rightly anxious to avoid the snares of word-painting and tinsel; they have much to record, and have thought more of noting it at once than of relating with literary skill; and hence, though we recognise their good taste, yet the book leaves much to be told when the genius of men like Mantegna or Bellini is in question. But it would be unreasonable to complain that the annalist cannot group his masses or preserve his focus, like the historian.

The Venetian school is of course by far the most important of those which fall within these volumes. It contains perhaps no single figure of such interest and force in art as Mantegna, within the space covered by the narrative; yet Venice, on the whole, occupies to Northern Italy the same place which Florence occupies to Southern Italy, producing the greatest number of first-class artists, and also retaining its vitality when the other Cisalpine schools—the Mantuan, the Bolognese, and that of Milan—were rapidly becoming degenerate or barren. The art of Venice herself, however, was as composite in origin as her population. Its first stage, as is well known, seems to have been almost wholly Byzantine; and the movement initiated by Giotto, that missionary and apostle of early painting, throughout the peninsula from Padua to Naples, has left no decided trace in Venice. Yet Florence—the real fountain of life to Italian art throughout more than two centuries—took her share ultimately in forming the Venetian school. The visit of Donatello to Padua, early in the fifteenth century, had an effect second only to that earlier progress of Giotto to which we have alluded. Donatello's new idea of style, formed partly on direct Florentine practice, partly on the transfusion of Greco-Roman types into the mediæval manner, had given the spark of life to Andrea, afterwards known by the name Mantegna, from the city of his residence; and Donatello himself, by a journey to Venice, produced a personal impression upon the local painters of Murano and Venice, who had hitherto been satisfied with little advance beyond their Byzantine predecessors. First the Vivarini, then the more powerful genius of the Bellini family, received the Florentine impulse in this indirect fashion. And there was hence a moment when it was not impossible that Venetian art might have moulded itself into direct resemblance of Florentine and Umbrian.

What, then, brought about that great change which not only divides Bellini and Titian from Raffaello and Michael Angelo, but, to our eyes, places these artists in absolute opposition to each other, not only in their style of painting, but in the sentiment and aim of their work? Why, speaking broadly and with exceptions which lovers of art will make for themselves, does the Florentine school represent intellectual art, the Venetian ornamental art?

It would be a simple course at once to assign the difference to the often-mentioned "Orientalism" of the capital of the Adriatic—an easy phrase which, under a vague suggestion of Japan or India, conceals the fact that Venetian Orientalism is an echo of Byzantium, not of Delhi, or Pekin, or Yeddo; is essentially Western in truth, not Eastern. And it must be allowed that in these "Oriental" tendencies there was doubtless some element peculiar to Venice; and that much must be due, both here and in Florence, to antecedent influences lying far back in the history of these immortal cities. Yet, when we are brought face to face with actual facts by M. Cavalcaselle, it is impossible to escape the conviction that the main reason of the difference between Florentine and Venetian art lay in the accident which rendered the introduction of oil painting into Italy synchronous with the culmination of the art of Florence, and the childhood of the art of Venice. This revolution was brought about by a singularly circuitous route. Political causes united Naples, five hundred years ago, with Provence. René of Anjou, the artist-king, had learned in Burgundy of Flemish masters. A great trade existed between Flanders and Southern Italy, where the absence of any definite direction in native art led the inhabitants to buy pieces of Northern painting, some of which have survived to our own time in Naples. Specimens of the oil-work by the Van Eycks, seen by Antonello, a painter of Messina, induced him to visit the Netherlands and learn what he could of the new process. The pictures which he produced on his return to Sicily show that his ability was appreciated, but in 1473, for reasons which seem to be unknown, he settled in Venice, and from that day the course of her art was determined. The use of oil rendered it possible to make colour

the chief aim in art; and colour, made the chief aim, rapidly led the artist into the gorgeous ornamentalism against which the genius of Tintoret made its protest in vain.

This brief sketch may serve to indicate the wealth and the interest of the book before us. When we walk through a gallery we are apt either to look upon each picture as an isolated production, to be judged only upon its single effect upon the mind, or, on the other hand, to ascribe it to the vague general influences of the time, in the fashion of which French theory has been fruitful. From these criticisms of indolence and ignorance we are led into a more excellent way by the diligent historians of actual fact. The example which we have given is only one of many similar cases of development which are recorded by Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle. They take us out of the hazy views of art, where everything was ascribed to the individual or to the general spirit of the age (as men formerly looked on the facts of natural history), and substitute for them the scientific view, in which every step in the advance of painting is shown to depend upon distinct and immediate causes; whilst the other and larger causes which affected the European mind played their part, unconsciously moulding the artist when he was thinking only of methods and models and commissions within the studio. But to this larger aspect of art we can only allude. It has of course no place in a book like that before us; nor has it, indeed, so far as we know, been anywhere handled except in a superficial manner. Returning to our subject, we would especially call the attention of readers to the chapters on Mantegna, on the Bellini, on Giorgione, and on Palma Vecchio. The authors hardly seem to us to do full justice to the originality and power of the first; and we think they should have given some account of those noble designs in which he first clearly exhibited the powers of the art of engraving. On the other hand, for the first time they have brought fully before us the important place held by Palma, together with Pordenone and other men of Friuli and Brescia. Moretto alone makes the latter city well worth a visit. In regard to Giorgione, M. Cavalcaselle's task has been, in great part, destructive; and all who love art should be grateful for the courage with which he has removed an undeserved honour from many pictures which pass under that great name. We use the words advisedly, for it is in truth but as the *magni nomina umbra* that Giorgione has reached us. Dying early, and wasting the latter years of that short life upon frescoes fated to scarcely more duration than the glories of Turner's old age, he has left us little whereby to measure his genius except the vast impression which he made upon his countrymen. Our authors explain how Giorgione's memory has suffered under this impulse. In Venice it became habitual to collect pictures in private houses. Hence the extraordinary range of the styles ascribed to him:—

It was not so much a mania, as the knowledge that value was attached to the greatness of a name, which caused the collectors to christen afresh the colossal impersonations of Pordenone, the semi-sensual figures of Pellegrino, . . . the rural scenes of Cariani, and the bright fables of Paris Bordone, the gay liveries of Lotto, the smart but homely compositions of Bonifacio, the sprightly and sometimes lascivious incidents of Schiavone, or the coarse but not unclean deceptions of Rocco Marcone, Pietro della Vecchin, and the later Friulans.

It is likely that many of the verdicts by which Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle assign away to this long series of artists the treasured masterpieces of modern galleries may be disputed. They play similar havoc with other names as great as that of Giorgione. What will it be when they reach Raffaele and Titian? Collectors may shudder; but in their final interest, and, much more, in the interests of art and of civilization, we must be allowed to express an earnest hope that the writers will be enabled to complete their task. It is not probable that a book of this nature can return its expenses to the publisher. We trust that the liberal spirit which he has hitherto shown will carry on the series to its natural close at the end of the sixteenth century. Should he, however, think that the time has come when he may fairly claim a subsidy, whether from the Academy (who could not make a more appropriate or a better expenditure of a few hundred pounds from the surplus of their Winter Exhibition) or from the national treasury, we think that no competent judge who compares the book with those which have preceded it will hesitate to endorse the petition.

SHORT STORIES.*

LADY BARKER writes prettily and cheerfully, and her stories possess the merit of having a beginning, a middle, and an end; but we cannot say that these *Spring Comedies* are stories which give us profound pleasure, or that we think the world would have been much the poorer for the want of them. They are not only slight, but flimsy, and we look in vain for any signs of real thought or well-considered work about them. Yet short stories can be made as effective in their degree as long ones, if the same amount of pains is bestowed on them; indeed, they need almost more pains, of a kind, just as miniature work requires greater niceness of execution than the bolder oil-painting, though the original subject is less difficult to think out, and less heroic in its result when done. No short story ought to attempt

* *Spring Comedies.* By Lady Barker, author of "Station Life in New Zealand," &c. London: Macmillan & Co.

Tales of the North Riding. By Stephen Yorke. 2 vols. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

anything like subtlety of character. This should be one absolute rule never departed from. There is not space for the tender inter-shadings, the faint indications, the thousand and one minute touches which make up the personality of an intricate nature; yet without this careful work the sense of violence and crudity, which any startling contradiction or sudden outburst of hitherto unseen qualities produces, gives a feeling of unreality fatal to one's appreciation of even good points, and destructive of anything like real interest.

Lady Barker has committed this mistake in her first story, and has carried it more or less through all of them. The first appearance of Helen Ramsay and her later actions are so diametrically opposed to each other that, added to the fact that nothing whatever has foreshadowed or led up to the unexpected display of contradictory qualities, we feel merely that the girl must be mad when she breaks out so oddly, or that our authoress has amused herself with the child's game of mismatching heads and bodies, by which she makes perhaps a ludicrous but by no means a rational or harmonious whole. Helen Ramsay, "our glorious Helen," as her friend the mouse-like Edy calls her, is a handsome, quiet, noble kind of girl, with the tawny hair and golden-brown eyes of the conventional lion, standing five feet eight in her shoes, and with the bust and shoulders of a young *contadina*; but she is "finished off" neatly, and has "delicate little wrists and ankles, and fairy small hands and feet"—a concession to a false taste and bad physiology which we wish Lady Barker had not made. Such as she is, however, peaceful, strong, unimpassioned, sensible, she is engaged to her cousin, Charles Kenneth, much the same kind of person as herself, and a man with whom she is fairly in love, and in every way content. Three days before the wedding Mr. Kenneth comes down to Holm Bush with his "best man," Mr. John Saville, a quiet, gentlemanly young man, of middle height, with a face that expressed both force and thought. He is a barrister, poor, hardworked, and a good son; but as such good qualities are scarcely made very manifest on a first introduction among strangers, he does nothing special and says nothing brilliant; yet Helen Ramsay falls in love with him on the spot. Here is her handsome, chivalrous, devoted lover, with whom hitherto she has been tranquilly content, and really quite as much in love as need be; she is by no means a passionate girl, and has always shown herself full of good sense and self-restraint; this is Monday evening, and the wedding is to be on Thursday; but during the dinner Helen does nothing but stare at Mr. Saville with "those large, serious, golden-brown eyes" of hers; the next day, she and Edy both receive from him a bunch of wild flowers which she treasures to the day of her death; and that night she informs her mother, with a passion of tears and sobs, that her mind is made up—she will not marry her cousin, Charles Kenneth, and she will marry Mr. John Saville, if anybody. It is in vain that Mr. Saville protests against the undesired honour; in vain that he declares he loves Lucy Milward, and intends to marry her out of hand. Helen is resolute, at least in her rejection, and poor Charles has to bear his disappointment in the best way he can. The marriage is broken off; John marries his Lucy, and sooner than he originally intended, that the lion-eyed lady may be cured of her love, but to no good; Charles is definitely cashiered, and Helen remains an old maid to the end of her days.

The circumstances of this little tale might easily have been made possible, given more space on which to work, and a longer time for the growth of a passion which the accepted lover had not known how to evoke from a warm but undeveloped nature; but as they stand we are sorry to be obliged to say that they are unmitigated nonsense, and we must hint to Lady Barker that she is playing perilously with a reputation as yet too young to bear a strain, by putting forth such immature and ill-digested work as good enough for the public to read. It is the mistake that others besides herself have made, and repented when too late. To the *Stupid Story* we must take the exception of its unnecessary spitefulness. If Miss Edmonds, the governess, was such a wretched creature, with all her accomplishments, as the authoress has depicted her, why was she not got rid of? Vain, dithering, spiteful, contemptible, jealous, scheming—surely so wise a man as Sir Ralph, and so arbitrary a one as Colonel Treherne, would not have kept her as the sole caretaker of the little motherless Monica. But, indeed, this story is no more natural than the first; and we question very much the likelihood of Sir Ralph's action towards Raymond Talbot, in the zeal with which he flung his little girl at the young man's head. Of the whole series, *A Man's Story* is the best; but even this is not absolutely good, and the subject is doubtful and dangerous.

Why has Mr. Yorke called his volumes *Tales of the North Riding*? They might as well have been headed *Tales of the Home Circuit* or of the Lincolnshire Fens, for any ethnological verity they contain. Save a little *patois* when it can be introduced, there is no real local flavour about them; but they are pleasant in their own way, if their title is so far misleading and disappointing. There is a great deal of tender feeling in these little stories, which, however, are longer and more elaborated than *Spring Comedies*, with a higher tone, and showing evidences of greater care. The contrast between the characters of the yearning, loving, over-sensitive mother, and the cold, hard, self-sustained, yet by no means ignoble daughter, in the first story, *The Vicar's Daughter*, is very well done; though we question the likelihood of the sudden conversion at the end. Novelists seem to think that human nature is a thing apart from and independent of all the laws which govern the rest of creation; that habits of mind are

nothing; slowly acquired and long indulged in as they may be, they are to be swept away at a touch, a breath, as if a glacier were to be thawed by the first spring day, or a tree to burst into full leaf in a night. They make no preparation. They go on the assumption that the soul or mind is to be acted on by sudden impulse, and to retain the shape of that impulse for ever after; they make their creatures leap like deer, and expect us, their readers, to accept the fact as quite according to the rules of ordinary human gymnastics. So, although we like the tone and treatment of *The Vicar's Daughter*, we doubt whether Sophie's conversion to filial love and womanly tenderness, because she has passed through a great peril, will last when it comes to the wear and tear of daily life. We hear of the events of a whole life passing in review before the mind of a drowning man, and we know that great catastrophes do at times produce lasting results; but then Sophie's case was scarcely one of wilful fault so much as of temperament; for all that, when "on the sear," she reproaches herself for her "dark moods and ill-controlled waywardness." We think the author wanders here. Sophie is painted cold and just and hard and unloving truly, but not as consciously giving way to evil moods—as failing in her highest duty to her mother through the natural hardness of her temper, but always scrupulously careful and polite and considerate. However, while human nature is so little understood as it is yet, we must accept such rendering as authors choose to give, and be thankful if our patience is not taxed too heavily.

The prettiest of Mr. Yorke's tales is *Theo's Escape*. It is not the longest, but it is the completest and the best done. In the delicate exposition of Theo's character and difficulties this new author does not come far behind Mr. Trollope; indeed, there is quite a Trollopian flavour about the girl's innocent waywardness, and her premature refusal of what her whole heart was so soon longing for. It is all very naturally told, and just what would have happened in such circumstances; as is the mistake which Ralph Estwaite, on the other hand, was mad enough to make, and from the consequences of which a fate more merciful than he fully merited preserved both him and Theo. Theo's character is very lovely; and all the more so because in such good physical and moral keeping. Mr. Yorke has avoided the snare of impossible "points," and of equally impossible graces. Theo is the eldest daughter of a large, debt-laden, untidy, struggling family; she is twenty-five, nice-looking, useful, thoughtful. While her mother, "a gentle little woman, with weak eyes and a weak spine, who spent most of her time in sewing long seams and putting new collars and wristbands to old shirts," placidly yielded to present pressure, and as placidly hoped for future ease, Theo put her strong girl's shoulder to the wheel, and worked. It was Theo who schemed for new shoes for the children and new gowns for the mother; Theo who cast about for means wherewith to pay the daily increasing bills; Theo whom her father consulted and whom the children obeyed. So when she proposed to go out as a governess, and thus lessen the family expenses by one mouth, there was an uproar, as there would naturally be among such a thrifless set, and she was forbidden to mention the subject again. And in the same way, when their dear and constant old friend, Christopher Harvey, ever so many years older than herself, asked her to be his wife and to love him, startled by the unexpected offer, and not knowing her own mind, she hurriedly said him nay; and the poor man, not being of the audacious kind, and believing that when a girl says No she means it, took her refusal as final, and very nearly lost his happiness for life. How it all ended we will not tell; it is sufficient to say that the narrative is both interesting and life-like, and that Mr. Yorke has shown in this small tale literary qualities of no mean order. We confess that we do not think his other stories come near it in truth or simplicity; and *Squire Hesildene's Sorrow*, with its sequel, *Taught by Adversity*, is especially faulty. In it Mr. Yorke has committed the error of hanging the main event on an unseen person. The great catastrophe of the story is due to a woman of whom one knows nothing until near the end. It is not meant to be a puzzle; and this retrospective kind of explanatory motive is weak as well as tiresome. Still there is quite enough good work in Mr. Yorke's two volumes of tales to afford ample encouragement for the future; but no novel writer must expect to succeed in his trade unless he will write according to the understood science of human nature, and paint men and women, not chimeras.

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